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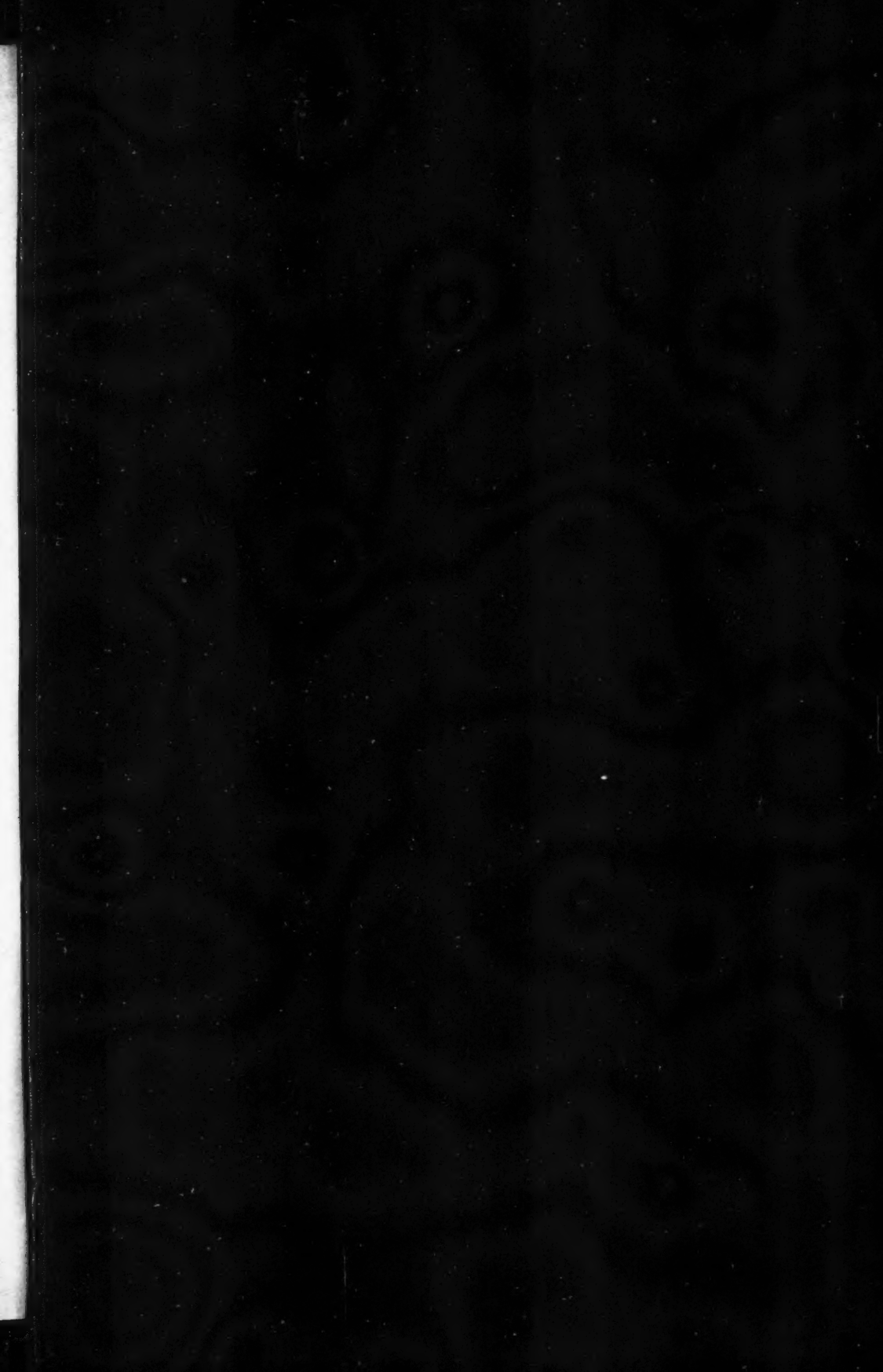
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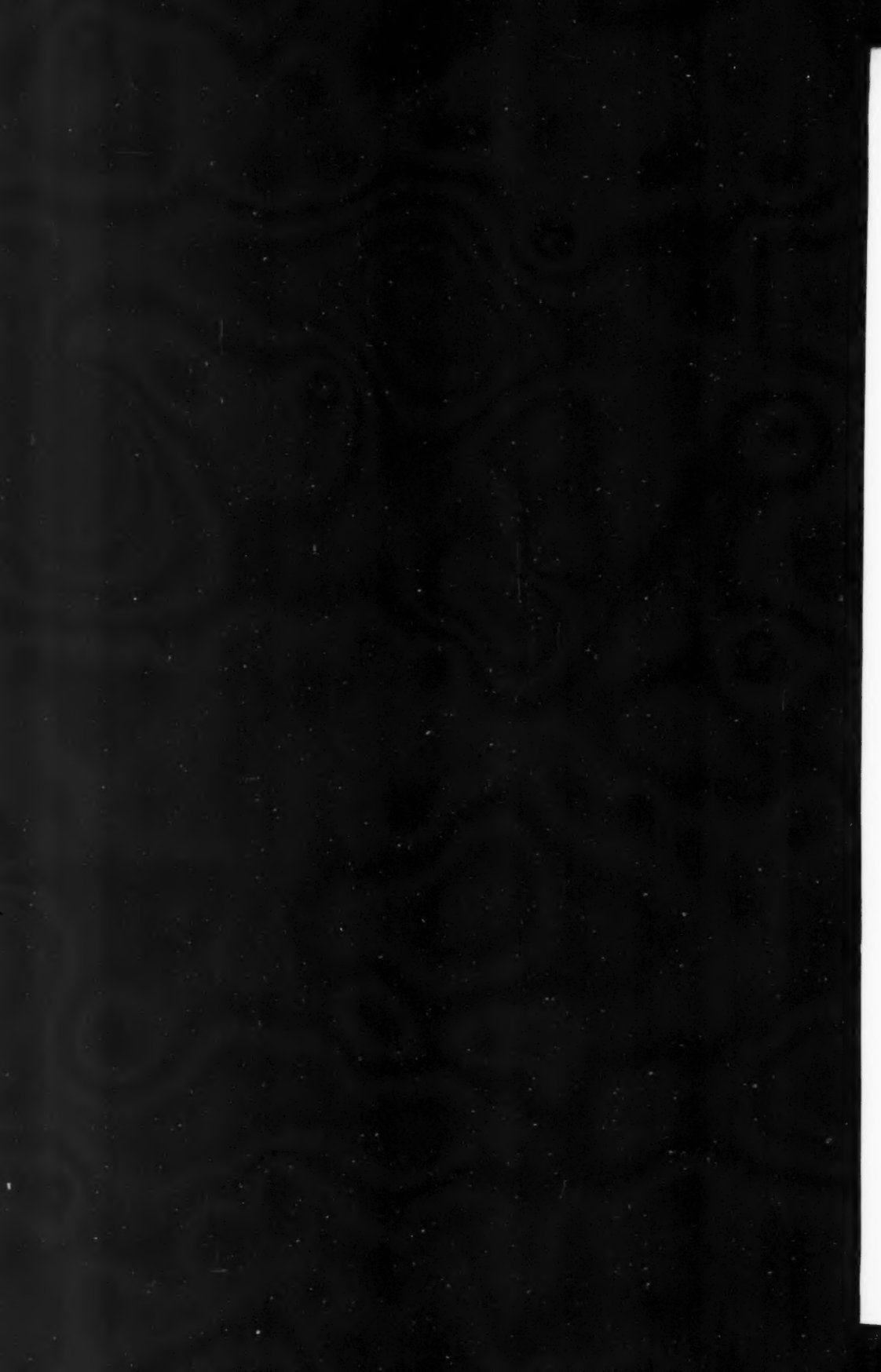
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LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series,
Volume LXXVII. }

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{ From Beginning,
Vol. CXIIL }

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TO THE QUEEN, ETC.

TO THE QUEEN.

(From the Nation.)

QUEENLY as womanly, those words that start
From sorrow's lip strike home to sorrow's
heart.

Madam, our griefs are one;
But yours, from kinship close and your high
place,
The keener, mourning him in youth's glad
grace
Who loved you as a son.

We mourn him too. Our wreaths of votive
flowers
Speak, mutely, for us. The deep gloom that
lowers

To-day across the land
Is no mere pall of ceremonial grief.
'Tis hard in truth, though reverent belief
Bows to the chastening hand.

Hard — for his parents, that young bride, and
you,
Bearer of much bereavement, woman true,
And patriotic queen!
We hear the courage striking through the pain
As always in your long, illustrious reign,
Which shrinking ne'er hath seen, —

Shrinking from high-strung duty, the brave
way
Of an imperial spirit. So to-day
Your people bow — in pride.
The sympathy of millions is your own.
May Glory long be guardian of your throne,
Love ever at its side!

Punch.

THE LONELY LANDSCAPE.

THE place again —
The wooded heights — the widening plain —
The whispering pines — the dry-leaved oaks,
too young
To cast their dead dreams ere the new be
sprung!

What profits it
Alone on this prone slope to sit
Where thou didst press the heath, — and see
how dun
The landscape seems, lit only by the sun?

Yet ah! not vain
To visit thy fair haunts again —
To trace thy footprints by the upturned stone,
And conjure back thy looks, thy words, thy
tone!

Like music fine,
That simple-seeming speech of thine
Hath in it soft harmonics, only heard
When from the memory fades the uttered
word.

And to mine eyes,
Undazzled by thy self, doth rise
An image lovelier and more like to thee
Than even thy bodily self which sight can
see.

Ah! — The wind shakes
The withered leaves, and Love awakes,
And to the vacant landscape cries in vain,
"Ah, Heaven! to have her at my side
again!"

Longman's Magazine.

THE SORROW OF A THRONE.

THE mountain in his winding-sheet of snow,
With bare head drinks the cup of heaven's
pain

And feels the grinding glacier, — not in
vain;

For, to the waiting vales, far, far below
He sees his tears in streams of blessings flow.

He loves each nestling cot, each sweet bird's
strain,

The hum of men, the busy, fruitful plain:
His rooted strength for these he would fore-
go,

Far harder lot to stand and bear alone,
While the vale fills with mists the lower
air

Hiding its guardian's care, — so little
prized!

But he has seen the light, — and he must
bear.

So too, in lonely grandeur, stands the throne,
Bearing a nation's load with pains unrec-
ognized!

Spectator.

E. G. KING, D.D.

SONNET.

FOR JANUARY, 1892.

MIRTH turns to mourning, and the marriage-
lay

To bitter lamentation all too soon:

The sun has set, although it still is noon —
The earth is darkened while it yet is day:

The fresh young year seems grimly old and
grey

Ere the last quarter of its earliest moon:

The house of kings is desolate: the boon
Of life, like vapor, vanishes away.

In vain we question: "Why should these
things be?"

We find no answer in the stormy sky,
Nor in the mountains' everlasting bars,

Nor in the ceaseless sobbing of the sea:

Yet trust we dimly, as we look on high,

There is an answer hid beyond the stars.

ELLEN THORNECROFT FOWLER.

Speaker.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
TROUBLED EGYPT, AND THE LATE
KHEDIVE.

THERE is a tendency in this country among educated and liberal-minded people — among people even who have followed the course of events in the world of politics during the past twenty years with close attention and an interest beyond the average — to heap upon the shoulders of one man the primary blame for all that long list of crushing misfortunes in Egypt which began with the ruinous concession for the Suez Canal and culminated in the death of Gordon at Khartoum. The mention of this man's name in conversation calls forth the stilted smile that greets an equivocal allusion, coupled with a head-shake of reprobation of his manifold wickedness. Stories of his loose, dissolute life, his spoilt-child caprices, his wanton extravagances, and his reckless, unthinking expenditure, are in all our memories side by side with dark tales of his cruelties to a people already crushed to the earth beneath their burden; of extortions from a patient, starving peasantry, by the teeth of the scourge, of the means to gratify his unbridled passions; of treacheries to trusted friends, of unscrupulous use of hideous secret means for removing a foe whom he feared or making a place for a parasite whom he favored. To many minds, indeed, the worst types of Oriental tyranny and license engrafted with the exotic refinements of Western depravity are embodied in the person of Ismail Pasha.

It is no part of my present purpose to parade as the apologist of the ex-khedive. With the blame cast upon him, though much of it is unjust, I have nothing to do. It is my intention, indeed, to refer to him only in so far as his acts cannot be dissociated from their consequences to his son. For himself, whatever be his faults, his vices, his criminality even, he has surely paid the penalty amply and in full. Shorn of all save the merest semblance of state, reft of all power, hurled from place, and robbed of fortune, of honors, of the opportunity for intrigue, and of that yet more precious possession, the joy of detecting and combating intrigue in others, which was the very essence of his exist-

ence, — he has finally lost his liberty, and is doomed now to drag on until the end the chains of gilded captivity in his splendid prison-palace of Emirghian on the Bosphorus shore.

To me it has always argued a grave deterioration of that keen, bright intellect that Ismail so unquestionably possessed, that he should have permitted himself to be tempted into a visit to Constantinople. He cannot have concealed from himself its dangers. He would never in his younger days have essayed to confront them. Yet he went, not blindfold; he had before his eyes examples of what he must expect. There were already in and around Stamboul several bright birds of gaudy plumage, from Tunis, from Baghdad, and elsewhere — though none so rare as he — breaking their beaks against the gold bars of their cages, but knowing that their struggles were vain. Yet, despite all this, he ventured into the snare, and Europe will know him no more.

The reign of Ismail can be summed up in two well-known sentences: "Great expectations," "large deductions." It was essentially a reign of action. It teemed with mighty projects which were carried, many of them, to most successful issue, and if this result was invariably attained at stupendous, at crushing cost, the fault lay not entirely with the ex-khedive. On Ismail's accession, he found the administration of his country in a condition of chaotic decay. Nothing remained but the ruins of his grandfather's great work, and everything had to be begun afresh, and new life infused into the languishing undertakings of the founder of the dynasty. His father Ibrahim, Mehemet Ali's warrior son, one of the most attractive figures of his time, brave, upright, just — the sword-hand of the mighty man of Cavalla, the victor of Konieh, the vanquisher of Khosrew, who had swept like a flame through Syria and Arabia — had died leaving no trace upon the institutions of his country. His military genius was his title to fame, and the record of his battles was the record of his life. Yet he had proved himself in Syria so able an administrator that, had his life been prolonged, much of the history of Egypt might have

been different. He died, however, after a reign of only two months, and the power devolved upon his nephew, Abbas. Abbas Pasha may be said to have been a man of order, inasmuch as he died without debts. But this was perhaps the only good thing that came of his reign. He treated Egypt like a conquered province. He was a tyrant, cruel and hard with the people — yet his able and well-regulated administration eased their burden. At his death the army numbered eighty thousand men and twenty thousand Bashi-bazouks. Everything was in perfect order. Artillery, cavalry, equipment, nothing was lacking, and yet there was no deficit in the budget. He cannot, however, be called an enlightened prince. On his accession, the original idea occurred to him to hold a public general examination of both the teachers and pupils of the schools founded by Mehemet Ali. The examination took place in his presence at Abou-Zabel, with results so disastrous to both masters and boys that Abbas decreed the immediate closing of all schools. In their place he founded the Mafroussa, a nursery intended for the training of officers for the army. It has been said of Abbas that he was possessed of much common sense. But it may be argued that he lacked discrimination. This was indeed the cause of his undoing. He had a whimsical fancy, and permitted himself to follow its dictates. On one occasion, for instance, when the important question of the huge dam across the fork of the Nile some twenty miles below Cairo was urged upon him, he grew impatient. "You are always worrying me about your 'barrage,'" he said; "an idea has struck me. Those great masses of stone, the Pyramids, are standing in the desert useless. Why not take the stone from them? Is it not a good idea?"

Another time when his prime minister, Hassan Pasha Monasterli, implored him to sign a decree prohibiting the sale of hasheesh, Abbas demurred. "The people must take something to amuse themselves," he said. "If I prohibit hasheesh, they will buy rakki from the Greeks, who will put revolutionary ideas into their heads. Hasheesh stupefies; rakki excites the brain."

He hated foreigners. He avoided the society of natives, and shut himself up entirely from the world; and, after four years' reign, when the order came from Stamboul that he should be strangled as a punishment for suspected treason against the suzerain, he had none to help him to resist his fate, and died as miserably as he had lived.

His successor, Said, a surviving son of Mehemet Ali, was a man of very different complexion. He was as fond of show and extravagance as Abbas had been of parsimony and order. An autocrat, full of whims and caprice, he early abolished the Council of Ministers, with which none of his predecessors had interfered. He wished to do and to be everything himself, and though some of his ideas were good, he lacked anything approaching to system. Like Abbas he took great interest in his army, yet in it he was constantly making absurd changes. One day he would have fifty thousand men, the next day half or double the number, according to the impulse of the moment. Yet it was Said who first endeavored to introduce some sort of order into the administration of the Soudan provinces, which he had found on his accession in a deplorable condition. Abbas had applied a system of his own to the Soudan, which may account to some extent for his immunity from debt at the time of his death. He maintained a large force in the annexed provinces for the simple purpose of extorting exorbitant taxes from a discontented population. It was under his auspices that in 1853 the first trading voyage to the Upper Nile was started by Mr. Petherick, an English merchant, and consul for England at Khartoum. Petherick was followed by other traders, who established posts far up country, and organized armed bands under Arab commanders. It was soon found that slave-hunting paid even better than ivory, and raids were therefore made on the surrounding tribes.

With the resolution of organizing a better state of things, Said, in the year 1857, made a rapid tour through the Soudan provinces. At Berber he proclaimed the abolition of slavery; at Khartoum he

organized a new government for the five provinces then forming the Egyptian Soudan — *i.e.*, Kordofan, Sennar, Taka, Berber, and Dongola. He ordered that the excessive taxes on the lands and on the water-wheels of the people should be discontinued, and he established postal services on dromedaries across the desert.

That journey of Said from Cairo to Khartoum is still remembered, still talked of throughout the Soudan. I have heard of it at Halfa and at Dongola — at Massauah, and at Senhiet, and at Suakim. At Dongola my head camel-driver and guide, a Tunisian bedawee, whose proud boast it was that he had accompanied the expedition, never tired of telling the glories of that triumphal progress, when Said, in a carriage-and-four, surrounded by an army of fifty thousand men, followed the bank of the Nile for nineteen hundred miles. The horrors of that terrific march, — the fearful mortality of troops, the utter ruin of the populace after the passage of this devastating locust-flight, the tyranny, the exactions that heralded its approach — all are forgotten; only the bright memory remains of "the great pasha," bedizened with gold, rolling in a carriage (the only wheeled vehicle ever seen in the country) over the broken rocks and through the drifting sands, and distributing smiles to the cowering villagers.

The anti-climax to Said's Soudan reforms came very soon. About the year 1860 the European traders sold their stations to their Arab agents, who paid rental to the Egyptian government. Then was the heyday of the djellabat (slave-dealers), of Zubeir Rahama and Suleiman his son, and the misery and ruin of the people was increased tenfold.

Said was in every way the reverse of Abbas. He was sociable, quick, witty, loving especially the society of foreigners — an agreeable conversationalist, speaking French like a Parisian, and enjoying of all things the intricate witticisms of which that language is capable. In common with all the members of the khedivial family he possessed a great sense of humor, and he was a wit of no mean order. Like Abbas he was no patron of public instruction. When one day his old tutor

Koenig Bey begged him to reopen the schools suppressed by Abbas, he replied blandly, "Why open the eyes of the people? they will only be more difficult to rule." He was brave, though wanting in moral courage; he was well disposed to his family, to whom he restored their estates confiscated by Abbas; and he was recklessly generous. He paid for the decoration of one of the reception-rooms at Abdin Palace the enormous sum of ten million francs, and had so little sense of the worth of the money that when M. Bravais (who, by the way, was the original of Daudet's "Nabob") complained that a certain estimate in Italian lire had been taken too low, he simply replied, "Well, put it in English livres," and it was done.

Said's title to remembrance by posterity, however, and it forms my chief reason for mention of him, is in the fact that to him belongs the doubtful merit of having contracted the first Egyptian loan.

As a consequence of his commitments to the Suez Canal Company, amounting to nearly £4,000,000, added to the pressure of a heavy floating debt, Said found himself forced to saddle his country with a public loan and a public debt. In 1862 he concluded the first public loan in London, with Fruhling, Goschen, & Co. (in room of two private loans made previously in Paris). The amount was £3,292,800 at seven per cent., and one per cent. amortization, but it realized only two and a half millions, showing therefore a dead loss of £800,000 (which at eight per cent. represented a payment of £64,000, for money never seen). Having accomplished this, he died, and left to his successor a burden of ten millions of liability, three millions of which was foreign debt; a rotten administration, great disorder, and in addition the — for Egypt — disastrous Suez Canal concession, with all its ruinous and mischievous obligations. This concession, by the way, it is freely asserted, M. de Lesseps easily persuaded him to sign, without even having read it. This, doubtless his worst act, was one of which he never appeared to comprehend the gravity; for though when near death he freely expressed regret that he had burdened his country with a public debt and loan,

he showed no contrition for saddling his nephew with the burden of millions, to come against which he had merely advanced £100,000 towards preliminary expenses.

When Mehemet Tewfik was born, the very title of khedive was still lacking to the dignity of the governors of Egypt. Recognition of the right of his family to hereditary succession in the post of wali of that pashalik had indeed, twelve years before, been wrested by Mehemet Ali's stern determination from the Porte, and despite Lord Palmerston's strenuous opposition, had been grudgingly ratified by Europe. The suzerain rights which remained to the Caliph-ul-Islam were still being gradually transferred, for adequate consideration, to the *de facto* ruler. The final assertion, indeed, of the almighty prerogatives of the sovereign power at Stamboul, may be said to have found its expression in the removal of Abbas by that time-honored Oriental instrument, the silken cord. This was at a time when Tewfik was still a pet of the harem, and his father Ismail—then not even heir-presumptive—was simply a wealthy country gentleman, occupied exclusively with agriculture and the administration of his extensive properties. (He possessed at this time an income of about £160,000 per annum in land on which there were no debts and no mortgages.)

On the 15th of November, 1852—that is to say, eleven years before he became viceroy of Egypt—a slave in the household of Ismail Pasha presented him with a son. She was not, properly speaking, one of the ladies of his harem. She was, indeed, a peasant girl, employed in some quite menial capacity in the establishment. But it chanced, first, that her master had at the time but three wives—one short of the number prescribed by Mohammedan law—and secondly, that none of these ladies was at the time the mother of a living male child. Sons had been born to them, indeed, but had not survived, and in Moslem households female children are of no account. The healthy child of the fellah slave-girl, therefore, was Ismail's eldest son, and the mere fact of his birth gave his mother a right to the vacant position of fourth wife. It is not too much to say that Ismail, who had regarded the little love affair wholly in the light of an episode, was vastly chagrined by the occurrence. He was in no hurry to concede to the lady the privilege which was her just due, and as a result this modern Hagar (from whom, no doubt, the sym-

pathy of her sister wives was still further alienated by the fact that they immediately began to bear sons) met for long years with but scant courtesy at the hands, and in the palaces, of her lord. On the other hand her title as fourth wife was unassailable, and though Ismail disliked her, she could not be put aside.

When, shortly after the death of his elder brother Ahmed, Ismail succeeded to the viceregal throne, his first undertaking was to obtain, at any cost, by the employment of any means in his power, the alteration of the succession so that the khedivial title should descend from father to son. This had been the dream of Mehemet Ali's life, the great object for which he had vainly struggled, and which the short-sightedness of Europe had wantonly frustrated. Ismail was shrewd enough to see that the constant change of the viceregalty from one branch of the family to another was inevitably fatal to the establishment of any stable government. But it is probable that his detestation of the prince, who in due course might succeed him, did even more to stimulate his effort than did his love of his country. According to the old law of succession, Prince Halim, youngest son of Mehemet Ali, was heir-presumptive to his nephew; next to him Prince Osman, eldest son of Moustapha Fazil; after him Prince Ibrahim, son of Ismail's elder brother Ahmed; and finally Tewfik. Thus no one gained more by the alteration of the law than Tewfik himself, who from fourth in order became first with, moreover, succession secured to his children, who would otherwise have had but a very remote chance of ever succeeding. But it may be believed that it was with no thought of the despised Tewfik in his mind that Ismail lavished money and promises in Stamboul to achieve his purpose. His second and favorite wife, the Princess Djenajar, had given him a son, Ibrahim Hilmy Pasha, on whom he had fixed his hopes as a successor. This second princess it was, indeed, who conducted with consummate ability many of the delicate inter-harem negotiations in Constantinople, which were finally to secure her husband's object. She would hardly have thus labored for the benefit of the son of the outcast fourth princess.

What may have been the money price of Ismail's success is not accurately known. It has been asserted that in actual cash he had to spend three millions sterling in Stamboul, and when he was asked by a friend if this estimate was not

an enormous exaggeration, he answered laconically, "It was not less." Certainly on his first visit to Constantinople his overtures were very coolly received, and all he was able to obtain by means of a present of £50,000 to the grand vizier was a *hatt* granting him permission to make certain financial arrangements without first submitting them to the Porte. But he was not to be discouraged. He put in force his favorite adage, "*Les petits cadeaux entretiennent l'amitié, et les grands l'augmentent.*" At last he obtained a decisive audience; £900,000 in gold placed at the feet of his Majesty secured a most favorable reception, and on the 9th June, 1866, a firman altered the succession. Yet at the last moment he saw his primary object defeated. When it became necessary to name the future ruler of Egypt, both Porte and powers insisted that the change should be in favor of the eldest son, and Ismail was forced to submit. The firman, after settling the succession in tail male by order of primogeniture and providing for a regency, recognized the complete autonomy of the khedive in all internal matters, and gave him the right to bestow military grades as high as colonel and civil grades as high as bey. It moreover authorized him to contract loans without permission, to enter into commercial or other treaties with foreign powers as long as they did not interfere with the political treaties of the Sublime Porte, and also empowered him to increase his army and navy.

Thus Tewfik again unconsciously triumphed, a circumstance which did not tend to strengthen his father's affection for him. But though he disliked his son, Ismail, having submitted to the inevitable, at once adopted steps to have him treated in accordance with his new position. He took, it is true, no special trouble about his education. Other sons were sent to Paris, to Oxford, to Woolwich, but Tewfik remained at home. On one occasion, when eighteen years of age, he had obtained a tardy and ungracious permission to make a European tour, but the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war, when he had as yet barely reached Vienna, caused him to be at once recalled. This indeed was the only visit paid by Tewfik to Europe during his life. His father, however, established him in fitting state in a palace at Koubeh, near Cairo, gave him an allowance of £30,000 a year, and, when the time came, in 1872 married him appropriately to Amina Hanoum, a daughter of El Hamy Pasha, another great-grandson of Mehemet Ali.

For five years after his marriage Tewfik's life was altogether uneventful. Very simple, even homely, in all his tastes and pursuits, he lived entirely on his estate, devoting himself to agriculture, and acquired the reputation of being a juster landlord and more lenient master than generally rules the destinies of the Egyptian fellah. He hated all parade, loved his home, and showed himself to be an excellent husband and father, in the fullest European sense of the terms. He was utterly unknown outside of his neighborhood, and his homely life and serious occupations drew down upon him the undisguised contempt of his more polished brothers, who lived and shone in the brilliant European society that Ismail loved to gather around him. Tewfik's serious turn of mind found a useful field of activity, when he was but two-and-twenty, in the education of the young. In his palace of Koubeh he founded, at his own expense, a school for orphans and for sons of officers. This institution, which he maintained at a cost of £4,600 a year, was organized on the model of Continental schools for cadets, great attention being given to the bodily development of the students. Some one hundred and twenty pupils, whose ages varied from ten to twenty, received a capital education under conscientious and painstaking masters in the establishment, which Tewfik was in the habit of visiting almost every day.

His interest in this foundation abated somewhat — though he continued to maintain it — after his accession. He then founded, or rather revived, the Ali school opposite the Abdin Palace, where his two sons, Abbas (the present khedive) and Mehemet Ali, were primarily educated, with about a hundred boys, the sons of princes and pashas. In this school, although it is only intended for the children of the rich, education is gratuitous, the khedive providing everything, including uniforms and a somewhat luxurious table. Within its walls perfect equality prevails, and the sons of the khedive were treated exactly like the other boys. It was significant of the state of feeling in the country on the subject of education when Tewfik opened this school, that, notwithstanding the fact that he placed his own sons in the establishment, and that he paid for everything, he had almost to employ force to obtain the number of students he had provided for.

Tewfik would have been well content to prolong this life of quiet well-doing had events permitted. His enemies, who were

chiefly members of his own family, contemptuously proclaimed that his ignorance of, and complete separation from, public affairs, was merely the result of a lack of intelligence, if not of a weak mind. Outside the pale of his relatives, however, he had acquired among Europeans and natives alike an enviable reputation for the prudence and good taste with which he held himself aloof from the network of intrigue that enmeshed the court of Cairo. His initiation into public life was of a very imperfect character. In 1878, Ismail, having unceremoniously dismissed Nubar Pasha as chief of the ministry in which De Blignières and Rivers Wilson held portfolios, required a respectable figure-head as nominal president of the Council, and by a not unhappy inspiration named his son Tewfik, then twenty-seven years old, for the post. Tewfik's own estimate of the value of the position he was called to showed a more intelligent appreciation of the situation than did his astute father. "If I am young when I take office," he said, "I shall not be much older when I leave it." Events justified this anticipation. During the few months the ministry lasted he did little, save to confirm the impression that if he had not inherited his father's ambition he also lacked his irrepressible love of intrigue. At length, finding that much was done in his name that he could not approve, and much more that he did not understand, he fulfilled his own prophecy and resigned.

In 1879 Ismail had run to the end of his tether. In the seventeen years of his reign his inherited public debt of three millions had been swelled to over one hundred millions. It is needless to say that he had not had the money. According to the official report of Mr. Cave on the result of his financial investigation in 1876—a mission which, despite Lord Derby's formal declaration to the contrary, clearly foreshadowed the course of England's future intervention in Egyptian affairs—the khedive and Egypt had netted out of this nominal amount of a hundred millions only forty-five, of which he had already paid no less than thirty-one millions in interest and amortization. The impression still exists, however, that Ismail squandered all the money he obtained from Europe, although it is beyond controversy that the bondholders had it all back, and that Egypt paid in addition for a vast series of great public works, which Ismail's restless activity in every direction had caused to be carried out on a scale far beyond, not the wants but the

resources of the country. All credit for the fact that he undoubtedly raised Egypt in the scale of nations lies still hidden beneath the load of debt with which he crushed the land. Yet during his reign he had doubled the revenues, more than doubled the imports, trebled the exports, increased the area of cultivated land thirty per cent., constructed eighty-four hundred miles of fresh-water canals, five thousand miles of telegraphs, and nine hundred miles of railways, and had raised the number of public schools from 185 to 4,185. But he himself had become impossible, and his removal was an imperative necessity which brooked no further delay.

The ex-khedive had a favorite phrase with which he justified his most unjustifiable actions. "It became necessary," he would say, as indeed he said it of the blackest act of treachery he ever committed—the murder in his dahabieh on the Nile of his trusted friend and ally, the Monfettisch Ismail Sadyk Pasha, his minister of finance. And when England and France decided that this sentence was applicable to his own removal from power, and prevailed with the Porte to issue the firman deposing him, he thoroughly appreciated the necessity of the step, and with his customary shrug of the shoulders submitted unresisting to the decree.

Up to the last moment, however, he refused to believe that he would be deposed.

Intrigues of every kind were convulsing Stamboul, and Ismail, who had been sounded on the subject of his abdication, was, like the martyr of fable when given his choice of being burned at the stake or boiled alive, despairingly asking if there was not some other alternative. The conduct of Abraham Pasha, his agent at Constantinople, served still further to mislead him. His repeated assurances that if enough money reached Stamboul all would be well, deluded the khedive into sending fabulous sums to his suzerain up to the very moment when he threw him aside like a sucked orange.

On June 24, 1879, he received a telegram from his agent saying that the sultan refused to depose him; but at four o'clock the following morning the English and French consuls-general sought out Cherif Pasha and made him accompany them to the palace. The chief eunuch refused to awaken his master; but Cherif, raising his voice, exclaimed that when the prime minister and the representatives of the great powers deemed it necessary to disturb the sovereign at such an hour, it was impera-

tive for him to give them audience. Some minutes later Ismail was made acquainted with the despatches from Constantinople, but still refused to abdicate. The *dénouement*, however, was at hand.

A few hours later two interesting comedies were being enacted within a few miles of each other. At Koubeh, Prince Tewfik, walking in his garden, was hurriedly approached by a servant who saluted him as "Effendina." It is stated that this unlucky messenger had his ears boxed for his zeal by the viceregal hands; but Cherif Pasha, following a few minutes later, confirmed the news.

At Abdin, at the same time, another comedy was proceeding. Up-stairs, Ismail was arguing with a European friend who sought to persuade him to abdicate. Down-stairs, Khairi Pasha, keeper of the seals, was nervously fingering a telegram from Stamboul addressed to "Ismail Pasha, ex-khedive of Egypt." He dared not present it; and it was not until the arrival of burly Cherif, fresh from Koubeh, that the fateful despatch reached its destination.

When Tewfik, an hour later, reached Abdin by his father's wish, Ismail was awaiting him in the long north room of the palace (burned down last year). As the door opened he rose to receive his son standing, and walked across the room to meet him. Having raised Tewfik's hands to his lips, he then kissed him on both cheeks. "I salute my Effendina," he said. "May he be more successful than his father!"

Three days later he had left the country, carrying with him thirty great chests of jewels, £150,000 in gold for his immediate necessities, and accompanied by seventy ladies of his harem and a regiment of followers.

Seldom has a reign been ushered in more forbiddingly than was that of the young khedive. The dignity of the khedivate, the whole fabric of apparently limitless authority, shorn of which an Eastern potentate is but a mere object of ridicule in the eyes of his subjects, had been already cruelly shaken by the manner in which Ismail's retirement had been brought about. In making his successor a mere figurehead, stripped of all influence, robbed of any share of authority, — nothing but a peg, in short, on which to hang a thin curtain covering an irksome foreign control, — England and France completed the undermining of every principle of personal authority, without which government in the East is impossible,

and as carefully, as though of full intention, prepared the ground for the events which reached their climax at Tel-el-Kebir. The powers had got rid of Ismail in order to have their own way in Egypt; and in substituting for him a successor lacking initiative, and to whom they permitted no will of his own, they sought merely to give an Egyptian label to Anglo-French rule, and in starting this ill-starred venture altogether overlooked the inevitable consequences.

It must be confessed that Tewfik made a bad beginning; but in the position in which he was placed, to do better might well have baffled an abler man — as, indeed, it had baffled the cabinets of England and France. As matters stood, there existed neither authority, nor power, nor respect. There was merely an inexperienced youth animated by good but vague intentions, surrounded by a crowd of interested adventurers left to restore order among dissatisfied officials, a ruined and starving people, and a powerful and disaffected army.

Small wonder, then, that for four or five months there was administrative anarchy from which the re-establishment of that comedy of cross purposes — the dual control — essayed to rescue the country with but brief success. Pashas were shelved, and resented it; officials saw their bread taken from them by foreigners (of whom thirteen hundred held positions under the government at a total monthly cost of £31,588); the army trembled at impending reductions; and the fellahen, whom order and equalized taxation would ultimately have benefited, saw only in the new order of affairs a fresh attempt, on the part of the foreigners they had already such good reason to dislike, to extract yet further taxes from their over-mortgaged lands. With the agents of the dual control themselves there was no fault to be found. M. de Bagnières was a talented Frenchman, with a considerable knowledge of the country, with no little tact, and animated as regards England and England's aims with a spirit very different from that which has guided the conduct of French representatives in Cairo since 1882. But though M. de Bagnières was anxious to work in harmony with his English colleague Major Baring (who has since given abundant proof of his eminent capacity to govern the country), strangely enough this very good understanding — his desire to sink the individual interests of England and France in a common endeavor to serve Egypt — was interpreted

by French chauvinists as high treason; and in numerous petitions for his recall it was quite openly asserted by his own countrymen that he was sold to the English. One of these petitions, indeed, signed by persons he had refused to aid in some nefarious scheme of concession, went so far as to proclaim that the signatories had actually seen a cheque drawn in M. de Blignières's favor signed "Beaconsfield, Premier Ministre d'Angleterre."

The dual control with its consequent frictions, its petty rivalries, and its intrigues, was as great a blunder as any ever committed in Egypt. Throughout 1880 and 1881 it dragged on its checkered course. Tewfik was khedive. The control misgoverned. And it may well be imagined how khedive, pashas, and people must have secretly longed for the riddance of the hateful incubus.

Major Baring—who had during his stay in the country gained golden opinions alike from natives and Europeans—had left Egypt to take up a post in India, and had been replaced by Mr. (now Sir) Auckland Colvin when the disaffection of the army, simmering ever since the Rivers Wilson episode, which was the immediate cause of Ismail's deposition, was partly through the ineptitude of the Riaz government, but mainly through the inexplicable policy of the English government, permitted to reach the boiling-point of open rebellion.

The first appearance on the political stage of the so-called national party as represented by Arabi and the army had been on February 18, 1879, when four hundred out of twenty-five hundred ill-used officers made a demonstration against Nubar Pasha and Mr. Rivers Wilson, at the ministry of finance, claiming their heavy arrears. Although the khedive rescued Mr. Wilson and quelled the riot, it has been said that Ismail was himself the instigator of the movement. It is probable that, if this had been the case, Arabi's known hospitality to Ismail would have brought the fact to light at the time when he was being tried for his life. However this may be, there is no doubt that the terror of Ismail's person overawing all prevented the mutiny from spreading throughout the entire army.

As soon as Ismail was no longer at the head of affairs to exact submission, three of the colonels in command of regiments—Arabi, Ali Fehmi, and Abd-el-Al—prompted by Mahmoud Pasha Sami, started a systematic opposition to the War Office, resenting, as they pretended,

Osman Pasha Rifky's (the minister of war) partiality to the Circassian officers. Wanting to better their own position and that of the officers, they availed themselves of the hardships inflicted on the privates to give more force to their pleadings, and by amalgamating their cause with that of the men, they had the pretext of being able to speak in the name of the army—just as, later on, by a similar process, they took upon themselves to speak for the people.

Granting the justice of their grievances, and certainly those of the men, the way the colonels set to work was contrary to all notions of a disciplined army; for, ignoring altogether their superior officers—in fact, Livas (general of brigade) and Feriks (general of division) might as well not have existed—they insisted upon transacting business direct with the War Office, and when they did not succeed by bullying Osman Pasha Rifky, simply declined to obey his or anybody's orders; finally addressing themselves to Riaz, the prime minister, no longer with petitions but with demands.

They took advantage of Tewfik's helpless state to provoke a conflict, and, challenged by his subordinates, Osman Pasha Rifky determined on bringing them to justice; but instead of openly stating his intentions, he sent for them under a futile pretext, and had them arrested as soon as they entered the Ministry. This is a proceeding which, undignified as it is contrary to all notions of fairness, has been recently shown to be fraught with danger. The officers of the first regiment broke into the council-room of the ministry of war, ill-treated the minister, and then, having released the prisoners by force, proceeded to the palace of Abdin, followed by the men of the regiment, and demanded from the khedive the dismissal of the minister of war, and redress for their grievances, which consisted principally in the promotion of the Turkish and Circassian officers. The khedive informed the French and English agents that he had no means of resistance, and no regiment on which he could count; and news having arrived that another regiment was marching in from Tourah, his Highness dismissed the minister of war, and appointed Mahmoud Pasha Sami in his stead. Tranquillity was thereupon restored, and on the following day the mutinous colonels, reinstated in their regiments, made their submission to the khedive.

Thus the 1st of February, 1881, gave birth to Arabi, and from this day the influence of the army went on increasing. In

obliging the khedive to appoint their nominee in the room of Osman Pasha Rifky, the colonels knew that henceforth they were masters of the situation.

The increased ascendancy of the army soon showed itself in a practical shape. On the 20th of April two decrees were issued, the first increasing the pay of the land and sea forces to an extent imposing an additional charge of from £50,000 to £60,000 a year; the second instituting a commission to inquire into the regulations and organization of the army. The commission consisted of the minister of war as president, of eleven generals, of whom four were Europeans, and of nine colonels, with one exception all Mussulmans, and among whom was Arabi Bey, one of the chief actors in the revolt of February.

Great blame has been cast on Tewfik Pasha by ignorant and malevolent critics for his attitude throughout this time of trial. It has been said that he alternately bullied the rebels and pandered to them—that when they were humble he was inexorable, and when they asserted themselves he cringed. If this charge be justifiable, and there is some truth in it, Tewfik merited in no way the censure he received. He had been told that, if he obeyed the advice of his English friends, all would be well; and with the loyalty that characterized every action of his life, having agreed to obey their dictates, he kept his word. It was no fault of his if the counsels of his advisers jumped from A to Z and back again every twenty-four hours. Ultimatums, penultimatums, and ante-penultimatums, as they grew contemptuously to be called, were issued and withdrawn, and shuffled and dealt again, like so many cards in a round-game, and with as little certainty of result. Tewfik was told to be firm, and was firm as a rock till the ground was drawn from beneath him; and, merely as a measure of self-preservation, he was forced to show a conciliatory spirit, which had its customary expression now as on a subsequent occasion (at Ramleh, after the bombardment), in a lavish distribution of decorations. He was assured he should be supported by ships of war and by soldiers, only to learn in the hour when he needed it most, that no such aid would be forthcoming; and being placed in this dilemma—or, indeed, series of dilemmas—it is not surprising that, with the caution innate in every Eastern prince, he should have endeavored to so order matters as to save at least his own neck.

Arabi at this time was a fellah some-

thing over forty years of age. He was six feet high, of well-built, massive figure, but with the heavy, stooping shoulders, the projecting head, and the slouching, shuffling gait of the water-buffaloes he had been wont in youth to tend. The striking feature of his face was his large, dreamy eyes—eyes, indeed, that seldom looked his interlocutor in the face, but seemed to be fixed either on his breast or looking far over his head into another world. There is little doubt that his eyes and his abstracted manner had much to do with his ultimate influence over the populace. He was a man as absolutely without education as he was lacking in ability. He had considerable knowledge of the Koran, much of which he had learned by heart, and could, without effort, repeat at great length; and he had an odd but not commendable faculty for droning on for twenty minutes or so at a time a string of copy-book platitudes unconnected with each other, or with any subject under discussion. It is probable that he was honest,—Mahmoud Sami, who conspired with him, has frankly declared that he lacked intelligence to be otherwise; and, like all Arabs, he was intensely revengeful. He was, taken all in all, about as humble a tool as could well have been selected for the furtherance of a purpose of whose results England at any rate has no present reason to complain.

In the early part of 1882 hatred of the Circassians filled Arabi's little mind, and he had been but a few days in power before all of them whom he could seize under any pretext were in prison. There he visited them by night, and sought to obtain by torture evidence that would enable him to take the life of his enemy, Osman Rifky. Many tragedies have been enacted in Egypt, but it is difficult to believe that any more hideous brutality has ever been practised so near our own day than that which this heartless and cold-blooded peasant directed each evening in the Abdin prison. At length the khedive stepped between Arabi and his victims, and saved them from death by torture by a sentence of banishment.

There is every reason to believe that on the 10th of June, 1882, Arabi felt himself perilously near his fall, and was hovering on the verge of submission. Next day there was a rising of the Arab populace in Alexandria against the Europeans. On that afternoon Dervish Pasha, the sultan's envoy, was awaiting the visit of Mahmoud Sami and Arabi to tender their submission. He had played his trump-

card and felt confident of success. They came, but not to submit. The news of the horrors being perpetrated in Alexandria had not yet reached the palace, but there is reason to suppose it was not unknown to Arabi. At any rate he expressed his devotion to the sultan, but declared that he must refuse his submission except by the express commands of his Majesty.

Dervish, furious, dismissed them. Ten minutes later news of the massacre was brought him. There was nothing to be done. Order must be restored at any cost, and the only man who could do it was Arabi. Instantly an aide-de-camp was sent to summon him to the palace. "Let Dervish come himself," was the insolent reply; and only on the great envoy's appearance at his house would he telegraph the orders to his soldiers, without which they had refused to act.

On the 8th of July it was that Arabi's attitude decided the British admiral to send a final ultimatum threatening to bombard the forts unless they were handed over to him. Before doing so he earnestly counselled the khedive to leave the city and to seek a place of safety. Mr. Auckland Colvin, speaking as British controller, and to some extent on behalf of Sir Edward Malet, whose health had given way, urged the same course, which was supported by all his advisers, European and native, as well as by personal friends. It was pointed out to him that there were six thousand hostile troops in the forts, and that the population could not be trusted to refrain from outrage in the event of either victory or defeat; that his own yacht was in the harbor; that either the P. and O. mail steamer then in port, or any of the men-of-war of neutral powers, would afford him protection. To all these counsels Tewfik had but one answer: "I am still khedive, and I remain with my people in the hour of their danger."

Much criticism has been passed on the attitude of Tewfik throughout the Arabi crisis, and it has been freely said of him that he lacked courage at a moment when the fellah Cromwell might easily have been cowed. There was not much indeed of a Cromwell in Arabi when he stood pale and trembling before Tewfik in Abdin Square; not much of the fearless tribune when he sheathed his sword at Effendina's bidding. On this occasion, no doubt, Tewfik lacked at least nerve and initiative, if not, indeed, actual courage. Had he followed the spirited and manly

advice of Mr. Colvin — had he arrested the traitor in sight of all, or cut him down as was his right — there would have been an end of all mutinies. Alas! he did neither. "We are between four fires," he said, when Arabi had sheathed his sword, and Colvin whispered, "Now is your moment." "We are between four fires, what can I do? we shall all be killed."

On other occasions, however, at a time when a mighty fleet was preparing to bombard the forts, the strongest of which was only a few yards from his palace walls; when not only his own subjects but Europeans had fled from the town for safety, — he not only showed no fear, but nothing would induce him to vacate the post where he deemed it his duty to himself and his subjects to remain. Only at the last moment did he consent to put himself actually beyond reach of the shells, at his palace of Ramleh, three miles outside the town. Here, even, his life and that of the vice-reine, who loyally stood by him, were for two days in the utmost danger. The rebel soldiery surrounded the palace. Twice their commanders had sent orders for his destruction; and it was only with the utmost difficulty, and by persuading his guards that he desired to join Arabi at Kafir Dowar, that he by subterfuge obtained a train and bribed his way back to Alexandria. The deserted town was in flames, when, with other Englishmen, the writer made his way up the Marina Street. At the entrance of the Mahomet Ali Square the huge ornate wooden façade of the Zizinia Palace was one mass of glowing flame, and as we were about to dash past it with all speed, fell bodily forward into the square. Through the dense smoke, the whirlwind of flying sparks and scattered embers, a small body of cavalry could be dimly seen escorting a carriage which had halted only in time to avoid destruction by the burning mass. A few minutes later, making our way into the square from the other side, we met the carriage again. In it was seated Tewfik returning through the ruins of his finest city to the shattered remnant of his palace of Ras-el-tin, and as we stood aside to allow him passage he saluted us with all the courtly grace of the days of his Shoubra drives.

Yet to the ruler of the country — at the time ruler only in name — every step made in that melancholy progress must have given a fresh heavy blow, a further bitter humiliation. The scene was one, indeed, to unnerve even a stranger to the land,

how much more, then, its viceroy? No words can fittingly convey the impression made by the desolate, wretched, and abandoned city on those who viewed it that day. There is something very terrible in the aspect of a big modern town in all of whose length and breadth no living human creature is to be seen. And thus it was in Alexandria on the 13th July, 1882. In all the town the flames alone were alive. The only sounds to be heard were the roll and rumble of falling masonry where the fire had done its work, or the roar and crackle of the flames as they grappled with a fresh task. Every house door stood wide open. Every shop-front was shattered, displaying the wreck within. The silent, lonely streets were strewn thick with the jetsam of the looters' hurried flight. The most miscellaneous articles lay heaped upon the sidewalks. The roadways were littered with every kind of wreckage—mirrors, jewel-cases, bales of cloth or silk, shattered porcelain, broken furniture, tinned provisions, iron safes, their sides torn and dented by adze and bullet. Everything that was too cumbersome to carry away the wreckers had destroyed in sheer luxury of wantonness. Pianos knelt on broken legs in the roads, or hung half out of first-floor windows, their wires torn bodily out as though by lightning, their keyboards battered and spiky. Sofas and armchairs stood in front gardens, or sprawled on flights of steps, ripped and gutted. The general search had been for hidden money, the native mind making no account of banks; and as money could not be found, the most obvious vengeance was to destroy all objects on which it had been wasted. Through this woful scene of desolation the khedive's escort, white handkerchief on sleeve and white flag on sabre-point, had to guide their master. Now and then the little procession had to dash hurriedly down a side street to escape a falling house or wall. Now and then a halt had to be called while the way was cleared—sometimes of a mass of *débris*, sometimes of the stripped, mutilated corpse of a luckless European, anon of half the stock in trade of a haberdasher or a milliner heaped in the road, and abandoned as worthless to the looters. Now and again his Highness had a momentary sight of a blue-gowned incendiary, with his petroleum-can and armful of cotton, skulking off amid the lime-dust and the shadows. Now and again he had a doll's house view of half a house, the other half having fallen away, with tables, chairs and bedsteads rocking

half in space on each of several stories, and pictures carefully swathed hanging from rent and blistered walls. In one such house (a mere corner was left of it) a dog, singed to the skin, howled dismally beside a cradle on the fourth floor.

A terrible experience, indeed, must that drive have been to a young sovereign in whose mind, beside the sorrow and the shame, some thought of the cost to him and to his country cannot fail to have entered. Of this cost—of the pecuniary loss sustained through the pillage and incendiarism—some idea may be formed from the statistics subsequently furnished by the International Commission of Indemnities. The total sum awarded was 106,830,226 francs, or £4,341,011. Of this sum 26,750,175 francs, or £1,070,007, was given for house property destroyed; and 34,635,050 francs, or £1,338,402, for furniture; and 43,395,061 francs, or £1,735,806, for merchandise. When it is borne in mind that the decree appointing the Commission expressly excluded claims for money, jewellery, securities, and works of art, it will be obvious that the total value of property destroyed must have considerably exceeded the sums quoted.

Yet in the midst of this fearful scene of desolation and rapine—himself but now escaped from the doom decreed for him by Toulba—with anarchy supreme throughout his realm, and the foreign authors of the mischief, whether friends or foes to him he hardly knew, waiting to receive his person in the palace they had partially destroyed, Tewfik had the courage to maintain an appearance of dignified composure, and to salute with the kindly grace of his least troubled days the few Englishmen who uncovered before him. I did not as yet know him, but I never believed evil of him after that day. Throughout this crisis his calm demeanor excited much comment among the Englishmen who were thrown in contact with him, and probably aided to place some of his actions in an unfavorable light.

Certainly in the weeks that followed opinions were greatly divided as to the khedive. Many persons there were, even among those most behind the scenes, who suspected that Mehemet Tewfik, with customary Oriental duplicity, was seeking at once to hunt with the hounds and run with the hare. It was not so; but had the charge been justified, could we have greatly blamed him? He made some mistakes that at the time appeared something more than foolish. Among them the celebrated correspondence with Arabi

at Kaffr Dowar has perhaps excited most attention. It was on the 15th July, two days after his entry into Alexandria, that he summoned Arabi to him; and that his minister of war telegraphed in reply that "his Highness would be glad to hear that recruits were coming in to assist him to fight the English." Then, on the 22nd, he published a decree dismissing Arabi from his post of minister of war, and proclaiming him a rebel. This in itself was admirable, but its effect was marred in a ludicrous manner by the reasons assigned for the step, which, as set forth, were his insufficient resistance to the British fleet, the loss of four hundred guns, allowing the English to land, retreating to Kaffr Dowar, and not coming to his khedive when summoned. It cannot be denied that, considering the relations between the khedive and the British forces at this time, this decree, issued at a time when Tewfik was no longer under any sort of coercion, was on the surface as quaint a sample of an Oriental document as often comes to light. It is, however, capable of explanation. That it was foolish is beyond question, but a knowledge of the current of ideas which had produced it in Tewfik's mind removes all thought of treachery on his part. Placed in a position of exceptional difficulty, he had two reasons for issuing this curious document. On one side was the khedive, protected by the forces of Great Britain, which, having cheerfully destroyed Alexandria — or permitted it to be destroyed (it is but the more criminal), and may the blame for that shameful blunder lie heavy wherever it be due — were not strong enough to advance beyond the walls. On the other side was Arabi, and behind him the whole country, the entire populace, all the princes and nobles, all the wealthy towns, the capital itself, the entire army, and all the war material that was not left to the British to destroy (another shameful blunder) in the Alexandria forts.

Arabi's chief strength lay in his unscrupulous and barbarous mode of warfare; and there was so terrible a dread among the officials at the palace of what he might do or allow to be done to their property in Cairo and elsewhere, that the khedive's action was paralyzed. Would Cairo be burned and sacked, as Alexandria had been? was the question in every one's mind, and the odds were freely laid on the event. Then, again, he had at the time no certainty as to what England was going to do, and the business had already been so handsomely muddled as to leave him

every margin for doubt. And, lastly, he had an idea of wiping off all old scores and beginning anew. It was true that the soldiers were fighting against his orders; but if he proclaimed it so, they became in the same moment rebels. He wished to avoid this; he wished above all things for peace, and to secure it he was ready to open the door for their escape — to accept the responsibility for what had been done, to cover their guilt by his proclamation. "Only come in now; only obey me, now that I have made peace with the English, and I will take the past on myself." This was his design. This was the writing between the lines; and it will hardly be deemed that, in so electing, he showed himself to be courageous, honest, well-intentioned, and humane, even if a little foolish.

"En tout cas," said one of Tewfik's ministers, with rather bitter wit, looking round upon the havoc wrought by England's half-hearted intervention, "s'il s'agit de mettre l'ordre en Egypte mieux vaut entrer par la Porte que par les fenêtres." There were at the time not a few who endorsed this opinion. Despite the Arab proverb which says, "The grass grows not where the Turk has trod;" despite the Ottoman tendency to echo the historic dictum, "J'y suis — j'y reste," the reflection could not fail to occur frequently to Tewfik, as it did to others, that, had his suzerain been permitted to send to his aid those twenty battalions he had implored, this bitter cup at least would not have been presented to him. That the sultan's interference would ultimately have been ruinous to Egypt is indisputable; but it would have been less immediately ruinous than the permitted destruction of Alexandria, for which no censure can be too severe.

The pricking of the Arabi wind-bag proved no very hazardous affair. A good deal more has been made of Tel-el-Kebir than can honestly be said to have been merited by that somewhat sloppy triumph.

The Egyptian soldier to-day — and especially his black brother from the Soudan — has developed, under the careful training of his zealous and self-sacrificing English officers, into as good fighting material, Thomas Atkins excepted, as I for one would wish to march with. But in those days he was a very different animal.

"What can you expect," said Lord Palmerston, speaking of the Turks, "of a people who wear no heels to their boots?" The Egyptian officer under Arabi wore not only no heels to his boots,

but for choice no boots to his feet, and passed all the time he could spare—and it was considerable—from slouching through parade, in a wadded cotton gown, with those white-stockinged appendages curled beneath him on a divan.

And as the Egyptian officer, so the private. Moreover, the soldier had an unwritten code by which to regulate his demeanor. On his periodical visits to his village, he commonly thrashed his way into popular favor. And his brother fellow, who had thought rather meanly of him for being caught and made a soldier, recognized at once his claims on their respect. "He beats us," they would say, "therefore he is our superior; turn we the other cheek." In the same way, when any one, in uniform or not, beat the soldier, he in turn said, "Evidently this is my superior," and bowed himself to the smiter. Above all, he did not want to fight. He did not mind being hurt. He hardly resented being killed—some one has always to be killed, and "*Allah y arrij*" (God knows best); but fight he would not. In the Russo-Turkish war, Khedive Ismail sent a large force to aid his suzerain in the field, upon the sultan's appeal. The Egyptian camp at Shumla was a picture of affluent comfort beside the ragged, haggard, hungry Turkish brigades. Bright new uniforms, splendid equipment, well-found tents, men full of health and fatness. And there it ended. Every morning outside the hospital quarters, where the English doctors slaved without cess in the shambles of Turkish wounded, there paraded a long string of Egyptian soldiers, each of whom had lost the two first fingers of his trigger hand. He was a stoic after a manner, was the fellow Asker. A little suffering maybe was necessary, but it was quickly over. Two fingers on the muzzle of the rifle, and the great toe on the trigger, and the trick was done, and then adieu the bleak Balkan slopes, and hey for sunny Egypt once more. But, at all costs, no violence. No rude contact with a rakki-maddened Muscov, shrewdly armed.

How great has been the change, how admirably the Egyptian soldier has developed, has been amply shown by his conduct in the past few years, and most notably at Tokar last spring; and no praise could be too high for the officers who have brought him to this state of perfection. But as to the Egyptian soldier of the old *régime*; whoso saw him in Turkey in 1877, and finally at the massacre of Valentine Baker's ill-fated expedition in February, 1884,

which was the immediate cause of British military action in the Soudan (and the two of whose regiments, that were the first to break, had been opposed to England at Tel-el-Kebir), may be pardoned for cheapening somewhat in his mind that much-lauded victory of British arms on the Sweet-Water Canal. This, however, matters but little, since as a defeat it was conclusive, and put a stop to the whole rebellion. The laconic telegram sent by Yacoub Pasha Sami, who was the under secretary of war in the insurgent camp, to Abd-el-Al, who was still stoutly holding out (against nothing) with his black troops in Damietta, describes the situation with delicious *naïveté*. "At half past ten in the morning, Turkish time"—runs the message—"the enemy attacked the line of intrenchments, and firing commenced on both sides. We caused a large number of the enemy to perish beside the line of intrenchments" (the whole British loss killed was but nine officers and forty-eight non-commissioned officers and men). "I found a train about to leave Tel-el-Kebir, and got in with a few wounded. I know nothing after that except that on leaving Tel-el-Kebir I saw that a train had been smashed. Please take the necessary precautions." This gentleman's condition of mind was very much that of all the chief officers of his army. They all—and Arabi first among them—took train, or engines, or horses, mules, or camels, and got away as fast as might be, and knew nothing after that, and begged somebody—it did not matter whom—to take the necessary precautions. Never did gas from a torn balloon disperse more thoroughly than did Arabi's great following on the 13th September, 1882.

Those whose privilege it was to enter Cairo on the heels of General Sir Drury Lowe will not readily forget the impression produced upon them by the seething hordes of wondering, panic-stricken natives who thronged the streets of that astonished city. They it was, be it remembered, who until the last moment had believed implicitly the boastful, vaporing reports daily published by Arabi of his triumphs over his English foes; they it was who, with the extravagant credulity of ignorant fanaticism, had regarded as representations of facts those marvellous, ill-drawn, color-blotched posters issued in profusion by the rebel commander, depicting the annihilation of the British fleet in Alexandria waters; they it was who, taught that the captured midshipman Du-chair, who had wandered into the lines at

Kaffr Dowar, was the only son of the British admiral, saved alone from drowning with all in his father's ships, had with contemptuous mirth dragged through the streets of the town and beneath the windows of the citadel where the young man lay captive, a mangy cur, whose appellation in Arabic permitted the suggestion that the son of Seymour* was an unclean creature. And now that they found English cavalry in their midst and Indian troops camped beneath their walls, now that their false leaders were either already in prison or being daily brought back in ignominy to jail, they knew not, poor, bewildered folk, what to think and what to believe, and in their plight could do nought but pace the streets open-mouthed for days and nights together, gazing in utter amazement at those strange animals, the Highlanders, and those even more fearsome objects, the Indian cavalry men. That it was some time before either natives or foreigners settled down will not be hard of belief. "You must be very glad," I said pleasantly to a young officer of Highlanders, "to find yourself in Cairo after the discomforts of the desert." The remark was innocent enough, but it was resented. "My experience," said he shortly, "of the blessings of civilization hitherto has been that I have slept in a gutter with my mosquito curtain hitched to a lamp-post." In a few days, however, the town resumed its ordinary complexion. The khedive returned to Abdin Palace, on whose threshold the blood of slaughtered bullocks proclaimed the inauguration of a new era of progress. The three days' illuminations flickered and died out, and the reinstalled ruler commenced conscientiously and loyally his rôle of constitutional sovereign. The farce known as the Arabi trial was not, perhaps, a very worthy beginning of a new career; but for this Tewfik must not be blamed. So complicated a network of intrigue, involving Turkey, France, many of the highest men in Egypt, the royal princes, even the suzerain himself would have been brought to light by full investigation, that it was in every way better to let the unsavory matter fall to the ground, even at the cost of practical immunity to some of those most criminally concerned.

It might well be thought that a period of respite would have been allowed to this distressful country in which to recover somewhat from the blows already massed upon it. It was not to be. Scarcely had

the Arabi revolt been suppressed than trouble arose in another quarter, which, thanks to the conditions that circumscribed it,—the enormous distances to be traversed before the heart of the evil could be attacked, the insuperable difficulties in the way of effective military movements, and the absurd mismanagement also of the principal military operations that were undertaken,—is likely, even after ten years' unrelenting strife, to prove a thorn something more than vexatious in Egypt's side for a considerable time to come.

It was in October, 1882, that Abdul Kader, governor-general of the Soudan, who may be supposed to have known very little of the inner workings of the Arabi plot, telegraphed to Cairo announcing that the troops he had sent against the Mahdi (for the Mahdi was already a power) had been cut off, and demanding reinforcements of ten thousand men. They were sent to him, with what result we know. Poor Hicks Pasha and his English staff were the first of that long list of victims sacrificed on the altar of those great false prophets, the tide of whose power ebbed and flowed between El Obeid and Downing Street. And while General Hicks was toiling through the desert sands towards his grave at El Rahat (the place of repose), than which no spot could have been more admirably named as the last resting-place of nine thousand men, a yet more insidious enemy than the *Jehadieh* attacked lower Egypt in her midst. This terrible foe—the cholera—made its headquarters at Damietta, than which a more ruinous, unsavory, and picturesque hot-house of foul germs never desecrated the mouth of a noble river. Once a prosperous and thriving town, Damietta was undone by the construction of the Suez Canal, and the consequent mushroom-growth of Port Said on piles out of the mud. Nor was nature any kinder than man to the historic town. To complete its ruin and discomfiture, a sand-bar silted across the river mouth, with the result that only small sailing craft can now approach the little bay. As a consequence the population, once numbering near a hundred thousand, drifted sadly away or died of sheer weariness, and none came to replace them. Then the long sojourn of Abdel-Al and his black troops, aided and abetted by a plague among the cattle of the delta—the imposition of a horn tax on the burial of beasts had inspired the frugal-minded peasantry to push their carcasses gently into the canals or river flowing

* Ebn Semour, son of a female dog.

by their doors, when the kindly current floated the carrion into Damietta's keel-forsaken harbor—and coupled with an exceptionally sultry summer, produced the natural and inevitable result. The disease incubated in the most favorable conditions that could have been provided, ravaged poor stricken Damietta, ran flame-like up the Nile, and along the water-ways, to Mansourah, to Beneh, to Tantah, and Zagazig, and finally settled with a firm hold on the river-side quarters of the capital itself, where gradually it spent its force and was stamped out. This, however, was a work of time, and though ably performed under Salem Pasha (the same whose treatment of the late khedive has been the subject of some remark in the European press) and the twelve English medical men who volunteered from London to aid him, it was not completed without affording to Tewfik an opportunity to give another proof of the passive courage and devotion with which his honest soul was filled.

The court was at Alexandria—as is usual at the season—when the scourge reached the hovels of Boulak. There was great clamor for strict isolation, for rigid cordons, for stern measures of repression on pain of death, of all inhabitants of the pestilence stricken districts. Tewfik, as in duty bound, sanctioned and ratified all the regulations that could aid to confine the disease within given limits, and then announced his intention of putting his own head into the lion's mouth by returning to Cairo. Protestations, appeals, were vain. He would go where his people suffered. And go he did—accompanied, as indeed he was in all his trouble, by the khediviah, his wife—as stanch and devoted a little lady as ever worthy gentleman deserved. And arrived at Cairo, he drove around the hospitals, visiting the sufferers, examining into and ministering to their comforts, and supplying the needs of the poor and the bereaved from his private purse—a purse at no time too well filled.

It would not be possible within the limits of a magazine article—which is already long—to follow the course of the Soudan rebellion from its inception down to the present time. Still less would it be possible to discuss, or to criticise, the lamentable blunders, the childlike errors of judgment, the bland ignorance of causes and results, the disregard of every-day experience, the vacillations, the hesitations, the outputtings and withdrawals which have gone to give to the movement the momentous gravity it has acquired.

Somewhere the blame should rest, and rest heavily. For all that has happened in the Soudan provinces—from the death of Hicks to the fall of Khartoum—England is primarily responsible. It was in January, 1884, that Gordon went to Khartoum. In the following February and March Generals Graham and Stewart inflicted crushing defeat on the forces of Osman Digna at Tokar and Tamai. Berber was then still loyal; and after those signal victories had a force—even a small force—been sent, as Sir Herbert Stewart so eagerly desired, along the Berber road to the town that was at once the key of the Nile and of the desert routes, there had needed no Nile expedition with its voyageurs and its Sidi boys and whale-boats, its nigger minstrels and its gampots and its failure; there had been no fall of Khartoum, no martyrdom of Gordon, no withdrawal from and abandonment on behalf of the khedive of the immense territory conquered by his forefathers, and now allowed to lapse into such hideous anarchy as has convulsed no other corner of the globe.

For now ten years Egypt has at no time been free from war upon her borders. It was ever recorded against the Soudan that it cost more money than the province produced to maintain Egyptian power there. How are the tables now turned, when it costs as much, if not more, to keep the Soudanese out of Egypt! And when will be the end? There has been no element of finality in anything done hitherto, and we know nothing of passing events in that great terror-ridden land. This much we do know, however—recent events have taught it—that in inverse ratio to the extent of our ignorance of the doings of the *Jehadieh* and their leaders is their knowledge of our acts and declared intentions in Egypt. The Khalifa is regularly supplied by his agents with the translations of all newspaper matter published in this country and in France. If we were as well informed as to events and projects at Omdurrman, there would unquestionably be no further talk of England's withdrawal from the Nile delta.

But whatever may have been England's errors in the Soudan operations, there can be no question as to the able conduct of the affairs of Egypt proper in the past ten years by the khedive's ministers, aided by the agents of this country and by English officials lent to the viceregal government. Egypt is to-day in a condition of peaceful, law-abiding prosperity such as ten years ago the most sanguine of her well-wishers

could not have anticipated for her. Much, however, remains to be done before it would be, not merely wise or prudent, but even possible, to leave her to herself. Much more before — when at length so abandoned — she will be able to take her place among the civilized nations of the world. Despite twelve years of English guidance of the helm of State — to withdraw which guidance to-day would at once force the burdened vessel back upon the reefs of anarchy and intrigue from which we rescued it — there linger yet in the hearts of the people of Egypt strange prepossessions for relics of barbarism, for practices the very mention of which would sicken the European reader, for cruel retributive legislation, for repellent customs and horrible punishments, — long indulged unchecked, only slowly to be stamped out, and altogether unsuspected by the ignorant persons who cackle glib platitudes about "Egypt for the Egyptians." From a simple example — the first to my hand — a clue to the extent to which the restraining influence of English supervision over native administration is still necessary may be found, perhaps, in the following extract from a letter addressed by Sir Evelyn Baring to Lord Salisbury in June, 1890, if read together with some of the salient points of the measure to which it refers: —

A short time ago the Egyptian Government submitted to the Council the draft of a law, having for its object the more effectual suppression of brigandage, the name usually applied here to attacks made by organized bodies of armed men on houses and villages. It was proposed that when attacks of this nature resulted in murder, capital punishment might be inflicted, not only, as at present, on the person or persons who could be proved to have committed the act which was the cause of death, but also on those who had organized or who commanded the band of robbers.

This proposal was quite reasonable. Moreover, as the right of appeal exists, and as several European judges sit on the Court of Appeal, a solid guarantee was afforded against injustice or undue severity.

With a view to bringing its proposal into harmony with the requirements of the Sheri'at or sacred law of Islam, the Government, in conformity, I believe, with its usual practice, consulted the Sheikh-el-Abbassi before submitting the draft to the Legislative Council. I should explain that the Sheikh-el-Abbassi occupies the position of Grand Mufti. He is the recognized official expositor of Mohammedan law. He it is who issues *fatwa* (legal opinions).

The Sheikh prepared a counter-project, which he communicated to the Egyptian

Government. This counter-project not being accepted, the Sheikh submitted it to the Legislative Council when the discussion of the Government measure took place.

I need not attempt to summarize the Sheikh's proposal. It is obviously based on principles which would not now be applied in any civilized State. Nevertheless, as your lordship will observe, a majority of the Council voted in favor of it.

Under the organic law of Egypt the Government is not obliged to accept the views of the Council. There is, therefore, of course no prospect whatever of the proposal made by the Sheikh-el-Abbassi being adopted. The incident is only important in so far as it shows the views on the administration of justice held by certain sections of the community in Egypt. It also affords some indication of what might occur were free institutions too rapidly developed in this country. I have, etc.,

E. BARING.

The following were some of the punishments advocated in the proposal, in favor of which a large majority of the Council voted. It was left to the discretion of the imam (chief of the state) to pronounce against the brigands convicted of assassination and robbery any one of the six following penalties: —

1. Amputation of the right hand and the left foot, followed by capital punishment.
2. Amputation as above, and crucifixion.
3. Amputation as above, capital punishment, and crucifixion.
4. Capital punishment and crucifixion.
5. Capital punishment alone.
6. Crucifixion alone.

Crucifixion consists in binding the condemned alive upon a scaffolding, killing him by piercing him in the body with a spear, and leaving the corpse exposed for three days.

Upon a gibbet fixed perpendicularly in the ground are attached two cross-bars, one a certain distance above the other. The condemned is bound upon this structure with arms and legs outstretched to the utmost. In this position he shall be pierced in the left breast with a spear, which must be turned in the wound until death shall ensue.

This is what would be implied by "Egypt for the Egyptians."

Surely not much more need be said.

In appearance Tewfik Pasha, while bearing a certain resemblance to his father, in so far as a rather good-looking dark man can resemble a strikingly ugly red one, yet wore many strong traces of the fellah side of his parentage. At first sight he doubtless struck his visitor as being a somewhat heavy, stolid, almost

clumsy brained Ottoman, who, despite a graceful dignity, inseparable from his origin and training, possessed little more intellectual expression than does the "Turk's head" known in this country. But when his interest was awakened in his visitor's conversation, and in this he was neither backward nor hard to please, his face was at once lit up with that pleasant, winning smile which has a peculiar charm in grave Turkish faces. Perhaps the most lasting impression he conveyed to those who knew him was a strong belief in his sincerity, his absolute honesty, his truth and single-mindedness. That he meant and believed everything he said was at once transparent, and this in itself roused a healthful sympathy in him, which grew with his acquaintance. Diffident almost to a fault, shy—nervous even—to a degree unusual in Orientals, he had, when at ease, a great sweetness of manner, coupled with a certain facile dignity that sat well on him, but through which rippled at times waves of boyish roguishness that endeared him immediately to those by whom he was attracted. A dry wit and a strong sense of humor are thoroughly characteristic of both Turks and Arabs. In Tewfik, perhaps, humor was not the strongest point, but he readily and keenly appreciated a ludicrous or ridiculous situation. A gentleman who has elected to remain anonymous has several good stories of him in this connection, some of which will bear repetition. When England and France were re-establishing the dual control to which Tewfik was said to be opposed, one of Tenniel's cartoons represented him as objecting to his "new pair of boots." When it was shown to the khedive he looked at it closely and then said, "Ah, but this is a *pair*. Your Mr. Punch should have drawn two odd boots—one of English make, one of French make." Although obliged to wear the odd pair—and very painful it must have been—he preferred undoubtedly to stand upon the English sole and swing the other foot as loosely as might be. Indeed he never attempted to conceal his strong English prepossessions. In his own household he had about him English body-servants, coachmen, and grooms; his sons had an English tutor, his daughter an English nurse, and the princess an English maid. And he was fond of speaking English—which he did but imperfectly—whenever occasion offered. He was fully conscious of his want of perfection, and was always immensely pleased when his sons Abbas and Mehemet Ali—who as children spoke

the language as their own—corrected him and said, "That's not right, father. You can't speak English at all."

The khedive, oddly enough for an Oriental, did not smoke, with the result that the palace cigarettes—invariably handed round with coffee—were notoriously the worst in Cairo, and except in the case of absolute strangers it was ludicrous to see how tobacco was avoided in his presence. He always carried a cigarette-case, however, and delighted in offering it and little presents of money to the English sentries placed on guard round his palace when first Cairo was occupied by British troops. He loved to tell stories of his experiences with these guards.

An early riser, he was in the habit of either beginning his reading of official reports or walking in his garden in the cool sunrise hour. One morning, returning to the palace from a walk in the gardens of Ghizireh, he was stopped by a sentry.

"Yer can't go in 'ere, yer know," said the man of war, with the Briton's amiable contempt for the fat little "furiner."

"But I belong to the palace," faltered the khedive, delighted.

"Oh, do yer? Got a good place?"

"Very good," said Tewfik diffidently.

"Ah, yer look like it. Bustin' times, I suppose. Nothing to do and plenty to eat. I wouldn't mind serving your master. Would he stand six shilling a day? What sort of feller is he?"

And then, alas! the sergeant coming round recognized and saluted the khedive, to the vast discomfort of Thomas Atkins and to the chagrin of his Highness, who would fain have heard more about himself, and who probably had never received a more sincere offer of service.

There is only one phrase that can adequately sum up the late khedive's character. He was a thoroughly honorable gentleman. Above all things, he was loyal—loyal to the backbone. In spite of every temptation and provocation, he refused to intrigue against his father. Equally loyal when he had accepted, much against his will, the detestable dual control which he predicted would fail, as indeed it did, he supported it loyally through recurrent blunders. When, long before any one else, he foresaw the ultimate significance of the Arabi movement, he loyally accepted and loyally maintained the rôle of constitutional sovereign which was given him. Loyal to England and to France—until France abandoned him—he turned a deaf ear to the Porte. Still loyal, he accepted Lord Dufferin's consti-

tution, knowing full well that it could not meet the requirements of the country; and, finally, when after a series of extravagant blunders, such as must have made his blood boil, England, having first lost him Khartoum and then handed over the rich Dongola province to the enemy, finally called upon him to abandon altogether the extensive territory won for Egypt by his great-uncle and his father, he, trusting loyally to England's wisdom, accepted the sacrifice and made no complaint.

He was not, maybe, a strong ruler. But what place has there been for a strong ruler in Egypt in the past twelve years? What might not an ambitious or treacherous prince—an Abbas, a Said, or an Ismail—have done to set Europe, ay, and Turkey, in a fume? His loyalty, his patience, his scrupulous honesty, his kindly and amiable disposition, and his shrewd common sense have undoubtedly stood England as well as Egypt in goodly stead.

And with that let us leave him to his rest.

FRANCIS SCUDAMORE.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

SIR MICHAEL.

BY SIR FREDERICK POLLOCK.

A FANTASY ON AN ALTAR-PIECE OF PERUGINO.

(*Nat. Gal. No. 288.*)

I.

THE sun of a bright February afternoon, already making its power felt on our favored southern coast, lit up a motley and excited crowd in the white market-place of a little fishing-town whose general appearance has not much changed since the day we speak of, now nearly four centuries ago. Room was made for the township and for the port by the southward opening of a rich and warm valley fed with the benignant sun and moisture that England knows not east of the Exe. All ways in the village finally led to the market-place, and out of the market-place one came down to the foreshore by a fairly well-kept road. On the north side a lane wound upwards through the valley overlooked from a slight eminence by the Manor House, which commanded a view far to east and west over the changing tints of the Channel sea. At this time, however, there was evidently trouble of some kind stirring, and yet no sign from the manor. In truth, Sir Guy Trevanion

had been away for some years, and no one knew exactly when to look for his return. The family had kept themselves clear of treasons and forfeitures through the Wars of the Roses, but were suspected of Yorkist leanings; and shortly after Henry the Seventh's power was established, Sir Guy had received a friendly hint from a high quarter that he would not do amiss to spend some time in honorable foreign adventures. Accordingly he had betaken himself with a picked band of men-at-arms, like other good knights of many nations, to the service of those Catholic and politic princes, Isabella of Castile and Ferdinand of Aragon. His wife received intelligence from time to time, and it was understood that Sir Guy was doing right good service against the Moors, and had been specially honored by Queen Isabella. It was also told that he had gotten for a sworn brother-in-arms a certain knight of Malta, known as Sir Luke, an Italian gentleman whose deeds against the infidels, aided by family connections with a prince of the Church, had earned him the right to think and say many things which might have exposed the soul of an ordinary citizen to the paternal care of the nearest spiritual court, and his body and goods to the temporal consequences of excommunication and penance, or severer forms of proceeding.

Now Port Enoch, being in an English diocese, was also not unblest with the jurisdiction of a bishop and an archdeacon, and all things a court Christian ought to have about it. In those days there was a new archdeacon, a business-like clerk whose approved orthodoxy was well matched with a keen appetite for fees. As the Trevanions were understood to have no love for officials and summoners, and there was not much money in the village, Port Enoch had mostly been let alone by the archdeacon's predecessors. But the absence of the lord with the best of his men seemed now to offer a fair opening; and a subject was not wanting. An old retainer of the manor, by name Jenifer Datcher, had long been noted by ecclesiastical authority as being suspected of heresy, or sorcery, or both. The substance of her offence was neither worse nor better than that for many years she had been the wise woman of the village, and her cures had been more numerous and successful than any common lay person's ought to be. She once even brought round a girl reputed to be possessed, on whom the regular process of exorcism had failed; which manifestly was an enormous

and censurable presumption. Most chiefly, however, the archdeacon reflected that, by setting the process of his court in motion against her while the powers of resistance were still weak, he could scarcely fail to make something out of it in the way of fees, fines, or still better, a moderate amount of ostensible fees, and a more substantial bribe from the Manor House for settling the affair on easy terms. Therefore it was that on this February afternoon Port Enoch was invaded by a sompnour (if one may preserve the Chaucerian form), together with the secular arm in the shape of a sheriff's officer and a somewhat ragged fraction of the power of the county. Having entered the village by a coast road, they found themselves confronted in the market-place by the available men of Port Enoch; men of a sturdy breed, who, though inferior in numbers, were not disposed to yield to archdeacon or sheriff without dispute. They had no one leader and no plan of action, but their words were of the kind that show a readiness to pass into deeds if a leader is found.

"Attach our Jenifer to archdaken's court, will 'ee? 'Hath a-done us more good here to Port Enoch, vather and zon, these vorty year, than ever yүү did with your trashy trade."

"*Significavit*, zaid 'ee! 'tis more like to signify broken mazzards to some of 'ee, true as yүү'm there."

Such were some of the more quotable remarks of the men of Port Enoch. Meanwhile the sompnour, a fat little man with a foxy head, was waxing impatient and urging the officer to risk an assault, when a diversion was caused by the sudden appearance of Lady Trevanion. She was followed by a dozen of stout men and lads from the manor, who quietly reinforced the groups of fishermen. The lady went from one to another with words of encouragement.

"What! shall these shavelings have away our people before our face? Must I take down the old sword that Sir Hugh bore at Lewes, and lead you myself? Billy Beer, they call you a boy, but you have the stuff of three such men as those. Peter Cottle, they say you be an old ancient man, but you are full young enough to beat a sompnour's pate; and hark——" Here Lady Trevanion whispered something to Peter Cottle which caused his eyes to open enormously, and a flash of joyful intelligence, promptly subdued with some effort, to pass over his face. She

continued aloud: "You, Peter, take the command. Dick Pengelly, you aid him. Do your best, friends all, as if Sir Guy were here, and when he comes back let him know how you deal with apparitors and such cattle that come prying and sneaking in Port Enoch."

Notwithstanding these brave words the forces of the law spiritual and temporal were obviously more than a match for the defenders. But the spiritual officer did not want a scandal, and also had no personal love of strife at any time; and the temporal officer had no great mind for fighting in that cause. Accordingly the sompnour began to parley. Lady Trevanion disappeared with two or three followers, leaving Peter Cottle as chief spokesman. It is needless to relate the negotiations, which were carried on in a diffuse and rich dialect. After about an hour's talk the representative of the Church declared that his patience was exhausted, and gave the order to advance. If he had kept a lookout to the flanks he might have seen how certain of Lady Trevanion's men stole down the sides of the market-place and posted themselves at the openings of the lanes. And if he had listened, he might possibly have heard something from the higher ground. But he neither saw nor heard anything out of the common. To the surprise and relief, for somewhat different reasons, of the sompnour and the sheriff's officer, the men of Port Enoch, seemingly for want of any coherent order, fell back almost at once; and already the way seemed clear to Jenifer Datcher's house, where that person was keeping up her reputation for uncanny ways by looking out of the window as if she were not in the least concerned. But the secular officer's ear, more exercised in such things than the sompnour's, now caught above the general murmur and clamor a new sound of ill omen. It could be nothing else; it was the ringing beat of hoofs on the cobblestones, mixed with the clink of iron. And before one could ask what more it meant, the retiring crowd suddenly parted at a sign from old Peter Cottle, the only person who did not look surprised, and a swaying, flashing mass rushed out from the northern lane into the sun, whose rays, now nearly level, turned the following dust-cloud into a fiery mist, and the weapons seen through it into changeful lightnings; and as the thundering mass came forth it took form, and spread out into a front of half-a-dozen men at arms,

whose spears all came down to the rest with one click and remained there with terrible exactness of dressing. In the centre was the well-known blazon of Trevanion, and beside it was a black armor of outlandish fashion marvellously wrought. But indeed there was no time to study these niceties, for it seemed to every one of the archdeacon's and the sheriff's people that a horse and man were specially intent on riding him down, and the point of a long spear was coming straight into his own particular face; and besides, as every one of them thought in the same fraction of a second, it was but a scurvy quarrel for an Englishman to peril his head in. So there was a feeble, scattering flight of arrows and maybe a score of stones thrown, and then the powers ecclesiastical and temporal did what half-disciplined levies charged home by trained cavalry have always done and always will do so long as there is fighting in the world,—they fled in confusion, and, in this case, in the one direction open to them. Only the coast road by which they had reached the village was now cut off by the spring tide. Nothing was left for it but surrender, and they had not even the satisfaction of yielding themselves to men of worship. It was Peter Cottle who received their submission with a serene chuckle and took measures for their immediate safe keeping, the strange knight in the black armor looking on with silent approval.

A well-grown boy, almost of age to bear arms, came riding sharply down with two or three of the men, and called to the knight: "Sir Luke, we have need of you up at the manor. Come and see to father."

"What, Sir Guy hurt?" said the other. "I lost him in the press, and thought he had stayed to order matters up there. It is not grave? I knew not any of us had taken harm."

"I pray not, sir," answered the boy, "but I cannot tell. You know he was riding with his iron cap; he would not put on a helm for this gear; a stone caught him on the head, and they took him up senseless. They say you have learned much skill among the Moors."

"Nay, with or without skill I must be at my companion's side. I suppose these good folk will keep sufficient ward; and so, my young friend, take me back with you."

"No fear for that, Master Walter and Sir Knight," said Cottle. "We'll warrant you for they varmint."

II.

"'Tis nothing, Lord be praised therefore," said Jenifer Datcher, looking up, as Walter Trevanion and Sir Luke entered the half-lighted hall, from where she was bending over Sir Guy. "'Twould never have mazed 'en so, but 'a rode in the heat fasting."

Sir Luke made a rapid inspection, nodded approval of Jenifer's very simple treatment, and produced a silver flask from which he sprinkled a few drops on Sir Guy's face. As their heads showed together in the light of Jenifer's candle, a stranger would have thought that an English host was tending his foreign guest, for Sir Guy was as dark as many men of southern lands, and Sir Luke was of that square-built and fair-complexioned north Italian type which still bears witness to the faithfulness of Fra Angelico's pencil. The unknown fluid spread a subtle and refreshing perfume. Jenifer looked on in sincere admiration, Lady Trevanion with delight, Walter and the other children with a mixture of joy, curiosity, and fear.

"Yes," said Sir Luke, "there are things to be learnt from these infidels. And they fought like gentlemen too. He is coming round." In a few moments Sir Guy opened his eyes, raised himself on his hands, and began to speak.

"Have 'ee got an apple, sonnies? West-country fruit, west-country speech,—better than all the golden pomegranates of Spain. What's that? In the nick of time, brother Luke, to teach archdeacons to archidiaconize here,—good hap that I sent on that messenger! Well thought on, Lucy; a good device, and of a true soldier's wife; I could not better it; ay, hold them in talk a while, hold them in talk. What, Walter, wilt ride with us? A good boy and well grown since I saw thee, but too young,—what, not to be gainsaid? Take him then, Gilbert, and have a good care of him,—shalt see if the story-books say true that Cornish knights be men of no worth. Forward, men! ah, see the fat sompnour run,—cleu in there! fetch 'en out! Jenifer's safe enough. But you are Jenifer—and where am I? They never stood up to us, the rogues. All friends here,—and yet I seem to have come by a clout on the head."

A few words from Lady Trevanion and Sir Luke, and the ministration, this time inwardly, of some other strange liquor, restored Sir Guy to full consciousness. "Well," said he, "I have dreamt goodly dreams; something belike of the tales Sir

Luke and I had been telling on board ship, — I know not. But who be these ?”

Dick Pengelly with two or three companions now came forward, having been sent up by Peter Cottle to report and take further orders. After being assured that his lord was doing well and could hear him, Pengelly explained the situation in language which, for the reader's ease and patience, must be freely abridged and reduced to book English.

“Some of us were for holding a court upon 'en, me being the reeve, so please you, and the less writing the better, we said, for if so be we had one that was a book schollard and could keep a roll, 'twould only be twisted some way against us if ever it came to 'sizes; but Peter Cottle did say 'twouldn't be any justiceable sort of rights without Sir Guy there, so we thought 'twas a pity to have nothing to tell 'ee, and we handselled 'en some such rights as might seem belonging by nature, till you could serve 'en out proper justice.”

“Paid in their own money,” said Sir Luke, “*sine figura et strepitu judicii.*”

“We could never pay 'en with no Latin,” continued Dick; “but the bailiff, being one that in a manner serves the king, and that we'd no such bitter quarrel with, we gave 'en his choice fair and plain, to be rolled in a vuzzy vaggot or to dang bishop and archdaken. So 'a zaid out like a true man, that I could like 'en well for it all my life days, 'twould have been meat and drink to him, saving the virtue of his office, if 'a could have danged 'en out loud these vower hours and more; and so 'a did most free and cheerful. And then we broft 'en with joy and gladness into the Blue Dragon, as the sinner that repenteth, and zet 'en down with a cup of good zider. And the sompnour, being of a more black-hearted and dangerous fashion, and 'customed to bite mankind, we let 'en bide safe in stocks for to know your honor's pleasure.”

“All very well done,” said Lady Trevanion, after a consultation with Sir Guy. “My husband bids me speak for him, and thank you all. You may bring up the sompnour here in an hour or so; our friend Sir Luke is almost as good a clerk as a knight, and would fain say some profitable words to him. Let the sheriff's men have a drink of cider all round, and our free peace; they had little stomach for this business from the first, and will have none to begin again. And so, good speed !”

In a short time Sir Guy, who really

needed rest and food more than anything else, was pretty much himself again, and the children, who were a little disappointed that he had not brought home at least five Moorish kings in golden chains, began to question him about his campaigns. Lady Trevanion, however, supported by Jenifer and Sir Luke, insisted on Sir Guy not being called on for his adventures till the morrow. “Well then, father,” said Hugh, the second boy, lifting up his large blue eyes from those of the hound Bruno, with whom he had been holding an intent conversation without words, “are you strong enough to tell us the pretty things you said you had been dreaming ?”

“I think I might do that,” said Sir Guy, “the rather that, as I have often noted in such cases, I should have clean forgotten my dream to-morrow morning if I put off telling it.” And this was the dream Sir Guy told.

III.

“As we rode down upon that rabble I marked right in front of me a sort of lubberly half-grown boy, and with some little ado I guided my spear that I might pass only near enough to frighten him, for I had no mind to shed blood. Then I saw that he lifted a stone in his hand, and I knew no more till I seemed to be unarmed and alone, in a marvellous great waste country under a grey sky. Anon there came a fellowship riding, but their going made no sound. And some rode as they were princes and great folk, dukes and bishops and knights and ladies of worship, and some as merchants and citizens, and some as poor and needy people. But all was grey as beechen ashes, riders and horses and apparel, and none spoke to other, but ever they looked one way, and some were of a mild countenance, and others looked grimly as if they loathed that journey; yet none might turn back nor leave the troop. Then I could see a young man that rode beside them, and he wore a plain close hood upon his head, and no manner of arms nor ornaments, nor so much as a staff in his hand. But his face was as the face of a captain, and wheresoever he signed with his hand, there they must needs all go. So they passed on and left me alone. Then I was ware how the moor sloped downward, and in the narrow valley there ran a full dark water in flood. And there was a bridge made all of grey steel, and no path thereon, but it came to an edge as keen as was ever any Damascus blade that I saw in Spain; and I knew that I must cross that bridge

or be lost in the flood. For so it was in that land that none might ever turn back whence he had come. And as I stood sore amazed, lightly there came running along the edge a ball of golden thread spinning itself out, and ran up into my hand as it were a live thing. So I took the thread, and therewith I walked boldly on the edge, and in the midst of the bridge I looked down, and there in the flood was a barge made fast by enchantment, and a loathly fiend therein which had the sompnoir's head, and with a great staff beat down folk that strove to lift their heads out of the water. And on the other side there sat an angel in glory spinning the thread, but when I came nigh to her I saw well that it was Jenifer Datcher; and straightway all vanished, and I went again a long journeying over good and bad ground, enduring divers perils. And ever I knew that my soul had made all that world of mine own deeds, and none other might come near me for good or ill.

"At last I came to a place where there was a great and deep mire, greater than Aune Head Mire on Dartmoor; and it was a darkling light so that I could not see where the sound way went through. Then I was ware of little shining creatures that went crawling and hopping before me, and by their shining I followed on the good path; and I knew not what they might be. But one of them spoke and said, 'Sir, ye mind well how ever ye taught your children to despise none of God's creatures, nor to call none of them foul or ugly; and now we be toads and effs which they saved alive according to your will and teaching, and therefore have we not failed you in this adventure, whereas none other help of man or beast might avail you.'"

"Oh, father," interrupted Ermengard, who was barely old enough to follow the thread of the tale, "we have got the two biggest and wisest of all the toads; and you must come and see them the first thing in the morning; and they are so wise that we call them Archbishop Morton and Bishop Fox."

"And who then shall be archdeacon?" asked Sir Guy.

"That is soon told, sir," said Walter. "We have taken the greediest and most ill-favored of the last little pigs to be archdeacon."

Then Sir Guy continued:—

"When I was past that mire it was clear day, and I came to a green meadow where was a pavilion, and thereby stood a knight all armed, a young man of a passing fair countenance. His armor was of blue

steel, and of the finest work that ever might be made by any armorer of Milan, and he was apparelled at all points for justing; and he had a shield with no blazon nor other device upon it, save only a pair of golden balances. Then said this knight to me, 'Fair knight, ye are welcome here, and now shall ye prove yourself upon me, for the custom of this passage is such that no knight may pass here but if he just with me.' 'Sir,' said I, 'ye see well that I am a man forspent and unarmed, and methinketh it were small worship for you to have ado with me.' 'As for that,' said he, 'look if ye be not better apparelled than ye think.' Right so I looked round me, and there I saw mine own armor, and my good horse, and two goodly spears. Then I thanked him of his courtesy. 'And now,' I said, 'I will well dress me for to just with you; but first I will require you to tell me your name, and what manner of knight ye be.' 'Sir,' said he, 'I may not now tell you my name, but ye may call me the Knight of the Balances; and know that I am a knight that serve the lord of all this country, and of such conditions that it should be no disworship to just with me for any knight or prince that is upon the earth.' 'Ye say well,' said I, and so I armed myself, and was right glad to feel my arms and my horse under me, and so I departed to gain my distance. But before I could make ready my spear, suddenly there rose up out of the earth between me and that knight as it were a wall of clear fire, hotter than any furnace, that it flamed up to the sky on either hand as far as ever I could see. Then came a voice that said, 'Ride now through this fire, or be forever shamed and unworthy of knighthood.' And I looked on either hand again, and there were other knights not a few that were dressed to ride likewise, and some of them were Saracens. And I heard them say through all the noise of the fire, 'Ride with a good courage, for we are all here of your fellowship.' So I commended me to God, and in great amazement rode straight where the fire burnt, and I was in a marvellous great light, that all my armor glowed therein, but I passed out as whole as ever I was; and I looked back, and where the fire had been was a garden of the fairest roses and lilies. Then said one of these knights, 'Wit ye well, Sir Guy, that we be your adversaries whom in your life days ye fought knightly and courteously withal, and for that cause have we come to do you service in this adventure.' And with that they were all vanished, and there was

only that young Knight of the Balances with me. 'Well,' said he, 'ye are well sped with this last adventure, and now I dare say that we two shall just without fear of enchantment or other hindrance.' So we departed and aventred our spears, and ran together with all the speed we might; and I brake my spear fairly on that knight, but for all he was young to look upon and of no great bigness, he justed so mightily that he bore me to the earth. Then I avoided my horse, and drew my sword to fight with him on foot. But he would not suffer me, and came to me with his sword sheathed, saying, 'Ye shall have no more ado with me to-day, for ye have done as much as a good knight ought; and, Sir Guy, if I had not well known you I should never have bidden you to just with me. Likewise ye shall understand that I may not with my custom fight on foot with you, for I have drawn this sword but once in all time that the world was made, and shall draw it but once again in a day that I know not of.' Then forthwith I was ware that this knight was Michael the archangel, and I had great awe of him, and worshipped him. But he took me by the hand and made me good cheer, and bade me ride with him as knights used to ride in company; 'For,' said he, 'I shall bring you to my fellowship in the king's court. And my custom is to just in this manner with all good knights that have achieved the former adventures.'

"Then as we rode I asked of Saint Michael, 'Sir, I would know, if that I may, whether the like adventures befall bishops and Churchmen and other clerkly men as well as knights. For methinketh it should not be convenient if bishops and abbots, and other holy men, which are not nor ought not to be men of their hands, should be enforced to just with you.' 'As for bishops and abbots,' said Michael, 'it may be that great plenty of them come to our court here, and it may be we have not such plenty that there must be a rule for them; but I shall tell you that for men of all conditions there be appointed fitting adventures, and a clerk shall be proved in clerkly things as ye were in knightly things. And when a great clerk is come to this passage, my brother Gabriel doth his office, and that is such that he and some of his fellowship come forth and require that clerk to dispute with them. And many times there be notable arguments holden, as at the coming of your countryman, William of Occam. But of all clerkly men that have achieved this

quest the greatest and most worshipful cheer was made for Dante of Florence, as ye may well guess by the vision that in his lifetime he saw.' 'Sir Michael,' said I, 'do kings and princes just even as other knights and so ride with you, or have ye other customs for them?' 'Yea,' said he, 'there be pageants and solemnities for just princes, after every one hath fulfilled his adventures as a man ought, for each after his worth; as for your English kings Alfred and Edward, and Frederick the emperor of the Romans whom your clerks call *stupor mundi*.' 'Truly I have heard tell,' said I, 'that this Frederick was a great and a wise prince, but also they tell that he died excommunicate and in danger of Holy Church.' 'Well,' said Sir Michael, 'be that as it may, if we judged here with popes' judgment we should lose from our court many noble knights and princes, and wise clerks, and holy men and women of great charity, and that were overmuch pity. Yet for other causes that prince had shrewd adventures before he might win to the passage. And anon ye shall see stranger things, for I will bring you where the Soldan Saladin, whom ye call an infidel, is companion to Trajan of Rome and Rhiheus of Troy in the eye of the eagle which is in the sphere of Jupiter.'

"Now we were come to the gate of a goodly city, and outside the gate was music and men and women dancing joyfully, and betwixt every two there danced a blessed angel, and made them all the cheer he might. And their wings were not like the wings of any bird, but of such colors as no earthly craftsman might make with glass work and stones of price, not if he were the master of all those of Venice. Then I marvelled whether these goodly sights were given in like measure to all who might win to that Holy City, or should be divers according to every one's conditions, for that the sight of an angel or of a saint may well be greater than a simple knight's wisdom may compass or his strength may endure. 'Sir Guy,' said Michael (although I had not spoken), 'of that ye have good reason to marvel, albeit I may not fully show you the truth thereof at this time. But wit ye well that according to our degrees we see after other manners than men in your mortal life see, and that is upon earth as well as here. For I could bring you in houses of religion where ye should see a plain brother in a bare cell, it may be writing in a book, and it may be painting on the wall, and in our sight he is a saint in passing great glory, and a host

of angels ministering to him. And many times where ye see men oppressed of princes and great lords, and forjudged of treason and heresy, and finding no place to rest, there in the sight of the blessed these be princes of great estate, and the oppressors mean and foul to behold. And now,' said he, 'must I depart from you, for ye be full young in the things ye ought to learn, and my brother Raphael, who led the child Tobias, shall lead you into the city.' Then I perceived at the entering of the gate another angel unarmed, and he was of the most loving countenance and the most full of peace and charity to all people that ever might be seen or thought. And he took me by the hand, and I saw no more shape or countenance of him, but only a great light, as if the heaven were covered in every part with stars as clear as the sun, the which light was made of the angels and archangels and blessed souls; and as their lights moved and shone, meseemed I understood in them without any word spoken more mysteries than ever all the clerks of Oxford and Paris could set forth in their books if they should all write for seven years. Moreover there was sung *Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus, Dominus Deus Sabaoth*, with such quiring and such instruments of music as I deemed not mortal ears could have heard. With that I knew I was not yet worthy to achieve that glorious quest to the uttermost, and so I awoke into this 'present world. But the music of the *Sanctus* seemed still in mine ears, and peradventure, if it shall so please God, in time to come some man that is worthy shall hear it more perfectly, and have such cunning of music that he may set it down, and such device of instruments that he may let play it withal."

IV.

"FATHER," said Hugh, "do you think Saint Michael will really just with us in heaven if we are good knights?"

"If you live as long as I hope you will, my sons," answered Sir Guy, "perhaps you may rather have to shoot with him in a hand-gun."

"What!" protested Walter, "the blessed Michael touch a thing that burns foul stinking powder, and slays a knight unawares like a knave! If it were honest shooting at butts, now, I am sure even an archangel might shoot a good round without any disworship. And then, under your favor, Sir Luke, I think for execution in the field I would choose a stout archer who can loose me half-a-dozen arrows

while your gunner is fumbling with his tackle to make ready for one shot."

"You shall hear to-morrow," said Sir Guy, "how Francisco Ramirez persuaded us otherwise at the siege of Malaga."

"Yes," added Sir Luke, "I love a good armor and a good sword as well as any man; but our fathers' armor is already old-fashioned, and who knows what the next generation will think of ours? I talked once in Milan with a singular good craftsman, a man of such skill in many masteries as God sends once in hundreds of years; his name is Leonardo, a painter, a worker in metals, I know not what else. His thoughts have run much on martial devices, and he told me his judgment that our sons will live, if we do not, to see these same hand-guns change the face of war. For bows and arrows may never be any stronger or better than they are, but guns will be bettered in every generation, and ways will be found to make them shoot quicker and straighter as well as stronger, and soon there will be no armor man can bear that will withstand their shot. And so our fine armorers' work, in which we excel all former ages, is like to be found a vain thing even when it has been brought to perfection."

"Well, Sir Luke, I will pray that Saint Michael, if he does take to new weapons, may still keep his tilting-armor by him, and a spear or two to break with old-fashioned folk."

"But may it not be, Sir Luke," said Hugh, "that if we give up heavy armor there will be all the more room for good sword-play?"

"Well thought on, my son," answered Sir Guy, "the guns are there, and we must take them for better or worse; but you may yet see the discomfiture of armor bring about the triumph of the sword."

The talk was interrupted by the appearance of Cottle and Pengelly bringing up the body of the sadly crestfallen sompnoir. He began a voluble and rambling speech in which protestation and servility were hopelessly mixed.

"Good fellow," said Sir Guy, "there is no need. I shall only desire you to give your company apart for a short space to this knight, my friend and guest. He is a stranger, and curious to know more of the admirable procedure of our court Christian in England."

A short quarter of an hour had passed when the sompnoir rushed back into the hall pale and breathless, and threw himself at Sir Guy's feet.

"As you are a Christian knight, sir!—

for that I never gainsaid — in the way of grace and charity, and I will ever pray for you, bid this man undo his charms. He hath laid spells upon me; I am a man undone; they are in a tongue of Mahound and all the devils; Latin will never bite on it. You will not see a poor servant of the Church wither before your eyes! A counter-charm, there is nothing for it but a counter-charm! St. Nectan and St. Just forgive me if there be any sin; I perish else. At your mercy in any fair way of temporal reprisals, good Sir Guy, but not those fearful words."

The host signed consent to Sir Luke, who had followed more leisurely, and who now planted himself before the sompnour. Fixing his eyes on the sompnour's, and passing his hands over the sompnour's head with a kind of reversing motion, Sir Luke spoke thus in a solemn voice: "Rafel — allez — mai — avec votre archidiaque — amech — au tresgrand — zabi — diable — almi — sans jour. In onomate Nembroth et Nabuchodonosor liberamus istum hominem desicut herebi machæra non pertransibit eum."

The sompnour recovered his self-possession in a moment. "Sir Guy," said he in his natural or rather usual manner, "for your courtesy in this matter much thanks; protesting nevertheless, as a humble apparitor and servant of the Church, and reserving to my superiors all competent jurisdiction over the divers assaults, contempts, and other enormities this day committed against authority both spiritual and temporal. And I would warn you in all friendship, as a poor man may, that this strange knight puts you in danger of being noted for keeping company with one that is little better than an infidel."

An explosion of laughter was the reward of this official virtue.

"As for infidels," said Sir Luke, "you may tell your masters that Sir Guy and I have slain and captured more of them in these three years than any archdeacon in England has seen or is like to see dead or alive."

"You may tell them also," said Sir Guy, "that I bear special letters from King Ferdinand to our good lord King Henry, and if either bishop or archdeacon have a grievance against my guest or me, they may find us at the king's court within the octave of St. Matthias if they will. And now my people will give you some supper; but I answer for nothing if you let yourself be seen here again."

Next morning Sir Luke had a long talk with Jenifer Datcher. Afterwards, as he

was showing the boys some Moorish feats of horsemanship, Hugh suddenly turned upon him: "Sir Luke, will you tell me a thing?"

"Surely," he answered, "if I know it, and it be lawful for me to tell."

"Then was it really very dreadful language that you astounded the sompnour with?"

"He was partly right," said Sir Luke; "it was indeed the tongue of Mahound; nothing worse than good Arabic."

And that was perfectly true. But it is certain that Jenifer had not time to learn Arabic from Sir Luke, and that her cures in the village were thenceforth more remarkable than ever.

From The Contemporary Review.

CONVERSATIONS AND CORRESPONDENCE
WITH THOMAS CARLYLE.

PART SECOND.

ONE of the objects of Carlyle's tour was to visit some of the distressed Unions, and Kilkenny was the first we reached. The Board of Guardians, who had perhaps not carried out the policy of the government with sufficient deference, was suspended, and a vice-guardian appointed in its place. We met this officer at the table of the mayor whose guests we were, and I abridge from the "Reminiscences" Carlyle's report of his experiences of various sorts in Kilkenny. An accident rendered him unfit for immediate work, but he was fortunate enough to get a long sleep and speedily rallied to his task.

Kilkenny; long feeble street of suburb; sinks *hollow* near the Castle; bridge and river there; then rapidly up is inn. Car to Dr. Cane's. O'Shaughnessy and the other two Poor-law Inspectors at dinner there; still waiting (8½ or 9 P.M.), Duffy, Cane, and Mrs. C.; warm welcome: queer old house; my foot a little sprained; Dr. C. bandaged it. Talking difficult; no good out of the O'Shaughnessys, no good out of anything till I got away to bed. (Next day.) O'Shaughnessy takes us out in Cane's carriage to look over his poor houses; subsidiary poor-house (old brewhouse, I think), workhouse being filled to bursting; with some 8000 (?) paupers in *all*. Many women here; carding cotton, knitting, spinning, &c. &c. place, and they, very clean; "but one *can*," bad enough! In other Irish workhouses, saw the like; but nowhere ever *so* well. Big Church or Cathedral, of blue stones, limestone in appearance, a-building near this spot. Buttermilk pails (in this subsidiary poor-house, as in *all* over Ireland) — tasted from one; not

bad on hot day. Eheu! — *omitted* other subsidiary poor-houses (I think); walked towards original workhouse with its 3000. Workhouse "ordered as one could." O'S. proved to be the best of all the workers I saw in Ireland in this office; but his establishment quite shocked me. Huge arrangements for baking, stacks of Indian meal strabout; 1000 or 2000 great hulks of men lying piled up within brick walls, in such a country, in such a day! Did a *greater* violence to the law of nature ever before present itself to sight, if one *had* an eye to *see* it? Schools, for girls, rather goodish; for boys, clearly bad; forward, impudent *routine*, scholar — one boy, with strong Irish physiognomy — getting bred to be an impudent superficial pretender. So; or else sit altogether stagnant, and so far as you can, *rot*. Hospital: haggard ghastliness of some looks, — literally, their eyes grown "colorless" (as Mahomet describes the horror of the Day of Judgment); "take me home!" one half-mad was urging; a deaf man; ghastly *flattery* of us by another (*his* were the eyes): ah me! Boys drilling, men still piled within their walls: no hope but of strabout; swine's meat, swine's *destiny* (I gradually saw): right glad to get away. Cane himself, lately in prison for "repale," now free and Mayor again, is really a person of superior worth. Tall, straight, heavy man, with grey eyes and smallish globular black head; deep bass voice, with which he speaks slowly, solemnly, as if he were preaching. Irish (moral) Grandison — touch of that in him; sympathy with all that is good and manly however, and continual effort towards that. Likes me, is hospitably kind to me, and I am grateful to him. Up stairs about 8 o'clock (to smoke, I think), lie down on rough ottoman at bed's end, for 5 minutes — fall dead asleep, and Duffy wakes me at one o'clock! We are to go to-morrow morning towards Waterford — I slept again, till towards six. (Next morning.) Off with Duffy, in Dr.'s chariot, to Railway Station about 10½ A.M.

Our talk was at first of the scenes in the workhouse. The house was full of men fit for active industry, and women, many of whom were vigorous and healthy, squatting on the floor like negroes in a slave-ship. One chamber of horrors still remains in my memory: a narrow room where about thirty women sat round the walls, each carrying in her arms a pallid baby sickening in the poisoned air which they breathed over and over again. Carlyle was vehement in his indignation. He looked at many things in Ireland, he said, with silent pity, but the workhouse, where no one worked, was so unutterably despicable that he could not retain his composure. Consider the absurdity of shutting up thousands of forlorn creatures to be fed at the cost of beggars like themselves. Why not regiment these

unfortunate wretches, put colonels and captains, sergeants and corporals, over them, and thrash them, if it proved needful, into habits of industry on some lands at home or in the colonies? Try them for a couple of years, he would say, and if they could not feed and clothe themselves, they ought to be put out of the world.

I suggested that he was indignant in the wrong quarter. These poor people did not object to work; would, I had no doubt, be rejoiced at the opportunity of working to escape from their pandemonium, but the wisdom of the Empire, assembled at Westminster decided that this being a workhouse they must on no account be permitted to do a stroke of work. They were not sluggards at all, but the serfs of a Parliament which kept them sweltering in compulsory indolence and apathy.

After a time the talk returned to men of letters.

DICKENS AND THACKERAY.

I ASKED him to tell me about Dickens, respecting whom I commonly found myself in a minority. His humor was irresistible, but was there a character in his books, except Mrs. Nickleby, whom one met in actual life? I read Thackeray over and over again, but I had rarely been tempted to return to a book of Dickens.

Dickens, he said, was a good little fellow, and one of the most cheery, innocent natures he had ever encountered. But he lived among a set of admirers who did him no good — Maclise the painter, Douglas Jerrold, John Forster, and the like, and he spent his entire income in their society. He was seldom seen in fashionable drawing-rooms, however, and maintained, one could see, something of his old reporter independence. His theory of life was entirely wrong. He thought men ought to be buttered up and the world made soft and accommodating for them, and all sorts of fellows have turkey for their Christmas dinner. Commanding and controlling and punishing them he would give up without any misgivings, in order to coax and soothe and delude them into doing right. But it was not in this manner the eternal laws operated, but quite otherwise. Dickens had not written anything which would be found of much use in solving the problems of life. But he was worth something; he was worth a penny to read of an evening before going to bed, which was about what a read of him cost you. His last book went on as pleasantly as the rest,

and he might produce innumerable such like books in time.

I suggested that the difference between his men and women and Thackeray's seemed to me like the difference between Sinbad the Sailor and Robinson Crusoe.

Yes, he said, Thackeray had more reality in him, and would cut up into a dozen Dickenses. They were altogether different at bottom. Dickens was doing the best in him, and went on smiling in perennial good humor; but Thackeray despised himself for his work, and on that account could not always do it even moderately well. He was essentially a man of grim, silent, stern nature, but lately he had circulated among fashionable people, dining out every day, and he covered this native disposition with a varnish of smooth, smiling complacency, not at all pleasant to contemplate. The course he had got into since he had taken to cultivate dinner-eating in fashionable houses was not salutary discipline for work of any sort, one might surmise.

I inquired if he saw much of Thackeray? No, he said, not latterly. Thackeray was much enraged with him because, after he made a book of travels for the P. & O. Company, who had invited him to go on a voyage to Africa in one of their steamers, he (Carlyle) had compared the transaction to the practice of a blind fiddler going to and fro on a penny ferry-boat in Scotland and playing tunes to the passengers for halfpence. Charles Buller told Thackeray, and when he complained, it was necessary to inform him frankly that it was undoubtedly his opinion that, out of respect for himself, and his profession, a man like Thackeray ought not to have gone fiddling for halfpence or otherwise, in any steamboat under the sky.

DIARY 1880. Speaking of both after they were dead, Carlyle said of Dickens that his chief faculty was that of a comic actor. He would have made a successful one if he had taken to that sort of life. His public readings, which were a pitiful pursuit after all, were in fact acting, and very good acting too. He had a remarkable faculty for business; he managed his periodical skilfully, and made good bargains with his booksellers. Set him to do any work, and if he undertook it it was altogether certain that it would be done effectually. Thackeray had far more literary ability, but one could not fail to perceive that he had no convictions after all, except that a man ought to be a gentleman, and ought not to be a snob. This was about the sum of the belief that was

in him. The chief skill he possessed was making wonderful likenesses with pen and ink struck off without premeditation, and which it was found he could not afterwards improve. Jane had some of these in letters from him where the illustrations were produced apparently as spontaneously as the letter.

I said I was struck with a criticism which I heard Richard Doyle make on Thackeray, that he had a certain contempt for even the best of his own creations, and looked down not only on Dobbin, but even on Colonel Newcome. He was a good-natured man. It was notable that he had written over and over again with enthusiasm about Dickens, but I could not recall any reference to Thackeray in Dickens's writings during his lifetime, and only an icy "In Memoriam" after his death.

I asked him was it as a practical joke or to win a bet that Thackeray named the heroine of "Pendennis" after a famous courtesan then in London? He said he did not know anything of this, but it could scarcely be an accident with a man about town like Thackeray. I told him of an incident which would have wounded Thackeray cruelly had he known it. He wrote a bantering note to an Edinburgh reviewer — Macvey Napier, if I remembered rightly — furnishing a complete list of his works, asking a review in that periodical, and praying that his correspondent "might deal mercifully with his servant." He wanted a review to which he was eminently entitled, and he was not ashamed to ask for it in a frank and direct manner; but the letter was exhibited in a collection of autographs, in the waiting-room of Dr. Gully, the water doctor at Malvern, where blockheads would read it and misunderstand the entire transaction.

SIR JAMES STEPHEN.

I HAD read Sir James Stephen's essays in the *Edinburgh Review*, and was much struck with some of them, especially the paper on Hildebrand, and I inquired about him. He said he was a man of good brains, and excellent discipline, but of manner so strange that it was a long time, in fact several years, before he came to understand what sort of capacity the man had in him. He was constantly shaking and settling his head in a manner that was exceedingly foolish (*mimicking*), as if he was not satisfied with its position, and thought it might be arranged more conveniently. He was placed early in the Colonial Office, and had got trained in official life till he obtained a complete

command of its formulas and agencies, and it was found, whoever was colonial minister, Stephen was the real governor of the colonies. He bowed to every suggestion of the minister, and was as smooth as silk, but somehow the thing he did not like was found never to be done at all. Charles Buller in his lively political youth named him Mr. Mothercountry — that is, the person who formulated the will of England for colonists, which was for the most part the will of James Stephen. His biographies of saints was a dilettante kind of task, which he took up on account of the quantity of eloquent writing that could be got out of it, not from any sympathetic or genuine love of the subject. He had no notion of living a life in any way resembling the lives of these men. He could talk about them, and inspect their doings with curious eyes, but doing like them was no part of his purpose; quite otherwise, indeed. Stephen had recommended these subjects to him (Carlyle) before he took them up himself, but he could not discern a vestige of human interest in them.

Latterly, Stephen retired from official life, and got knighted. He retired on account of the death of his son. The young fellow was travelling in Germany without understanding German at all, and he got so puzzled and irritated, that he fell sick at Dresden, and finally died. His father and mother had been terribly shattered by this unexpected catastrophe; and so Stephen gave up the Colonial Office, and retired to his family to try to knit up silently the ravelled sleeve of life. He lived at Windsor, and seldom came to London now. Stephen was a clever man in his strange, official way. He was one of the Clapham people, and though he professed to apply their creed to human affairs generally, he had small belief in its potency by this time one could see.

SIR HENRY TAYLOR.

FROM Stephen the talk passed to Taylor. I spoke of "Philip van Artevelde" as a striking picture of a popular leader, with weaknesses and shortcomings enough not to be idealized out of human sympathy, and expressed a desire to hear something of the author. Henry Taylor, he said, was an official under Stephen in the Colonial Office, but not at all a man of the same intellectual girth and stature. But a notable person too; a sagacious, vigilant, exact sort of man. Philip van Artevelde was his idea of himself; but he was altogether a different person from that. He

was cold and silent for the most part, and rather wearisome from the formal way he stated his opinions. He had been a sailor, and had he stuck by the ship he would have made an efficient, serviceable officer; for he had inflexible valor, and that silent persistency which was the main thing which made England what it was. He was engaged just now on a comedy; a decidedly hopeless project, the result of which would be considerably worse than nothing, for there was not the smallest particle of humor in the man. He might be said to be a steadfast student, though he read in all only half-a-dozen books; but he read them a page a day. Bacon was one of them, and his great light on all subjects speculative or practical.

I said, if I might judge by my own feelings, Mr. Taylor was a living evidence that there was much to be said in poetry for which prose had no adequate substitute, or that, at any rate, there were men to whom poetry was a more natural vehicle of thought. I found his chief drama a constant enjoyment, but his prose, even on subjects which interested me considerably, had not the smallest attraction. There was ability and abundant experience in "The Statesman," for example, but I thought the style heavy, the ideal of a minister of state low, and the *motif* poor, and even immoral.

Carlyle replied that charges of that kind had been made against the book, but unjustly, as he judged. Taylor expressed the highest ideal he had conceived of the thing he had been working among in the unprofitable racket of the Colonial Office. It was the result of his actual experience one might see; a plea for a juster allowance for the many impediments which had to be encountered in working public affairs. He had a great reverence for whatever was standing erect, and thought we were bound to accept it cheerfully because it was able to stand, overlooking the fact that there was a question behind all that — an altogether fundamental question — on which our reverence strictly depended. He had a high opinion of his own class, and a silent anger, one could perceive, at his (Carlyle's) unaccountable contempt for officialities. I would probably be interested to know that he had married a charming little countrywoman of mine, a daughter of Spring Rice, and lived out of town. He had got his office into such a perfect system that he could work it by attending a couple of hours a day.

I replied laughingly, that the whole Civil Service, I made no doubt, would be

willing to work their offices in the same way if they were allowed.

THE LONDON PRESS IN 1849.

THE talk fell upon newspapers. I spoke of John Forster as a man it was impossible not to like, and whose literary papers were often pleasant reading, but I could make nothing of his political articles in the *Examiner*, which seemed to me to have no settled policy or purpose. He replied that Forster for the most part advocated the theory of human affairs prevalent in fashionable Whig circles, if any one wanted to hear that sort of thing. He was a sincere, energetic, vehement fellow, who undertook any amount of labor to do service to one whom he knew, or, indeed, whom he did not know. Jane got the long, bulky manuscript of a novel from Miss —, a scraggy little woman, with nothing beautiful or attractive about her to captivate or inflame him, but with an agreeable quality of talk, too; and he read it through, cut objectionable things out of it, and prepared it, with much pains, as one could see, for the press, and it got read and talked about in London drawing-rooms. He was a man who liked to live among people who meant honestly, and, on the whole, chose his company with tolerable success. If he got hold of any opinion that he came to believe, he made all manner of vehement noise and clatter over it, and forwarded it by every means he could devise; but, if it fell into disrepute, and other people deserted it, he would just leave it there, and seek out some other fancy to fondle in place of it. Forster was not a man who had any serious truth to proclaim, or any purpose in life which he laid to heart, but he was infinitely friendly, and entirely sincere in his attachments. A good, upright man, one might confidently say.

I said I had asked Forster lately who it was that was writing feeble imitations of Fonblanque in the *Examiner* since he had accepted office in the Board of Trade, and that I was surprised to learn that the writer was Fonblanque himself. The philosophical Radicals proclaimed Fonblanque to be the greatest journalist in England; but, though he had skill and purpose, he seemed to me to altogether want passion and seriousness. His articles were pleasant reading enough, but Jeremy Bentham and Jonathan Wild did not always amalgamate naturally, and public interests could not be successfully treated in the spirit of an opera bouffe.

Carlyle replied that Fonblanque was a

better man than I supposed; a serious-looking fellow, with fire in his eyes, who seemed to consider that his task in the world was to expose fallacies of all sorts, which, in fact, he did with considerable adroitness and skill. I rejoined that his paper had been the organ of the educated Radicals who flourished in England in the Reform era, but that it had shifted round latterly to become a government organ. Carlyle replied that Fonblanque had changed under the influence of circumstances, but not at all with conscious dishonesty. Lord Durham, when he came home, asked him to dinner, and he began to circulate up and down in society yonder in London, and so came to look at the doings of the government from quite another point of view. As for philosophical Radicalism, he had said all that was in him to say on that subject, which, if well considered, was intrinsically barren.

After a pause, he added that, among newspaper men, Rintoul, a Scotch printer, who owned the *Spectator*, was a man of deeper insight than any of them; a man altogether free from romantic or visionary babblement or the ordinary echoes of parliamentary palaver. He was the first man in England who openly declared his complete disbelief in Reform and the Whigs, and now it was everywhere seen that his opinions were sound. He wrote the literary papers in his journal; there was nothing very deep in them, but neither were they ever mere wind; they meant something always. He speculated on the functions and uses of literature in a very natural manner. But he believed in nothing, and had but a poor, barren theory of life, one might perceive. He was essentially a diligent and upright man, and he turned out a newspaper which, on the whole, was the best article of that kind to be found anywhere in England just now.

TALFOURD.

IN connection with journalism I mentioned Talfourd, and said I had read his dramas with profound disappointment, and could never get over the conviction that his reputation was the result of unduly favorable criticisms by his literary associates of two generations.

Carlyle said not so in any sinister sense. He had lived among literary people from the time of Charles Lamb and Leigh Hunt, had probably done them many kindnesses, and kept coquetting with letters from that time to this, and so they took an interest in him and praised his plays—

over-praised them probably; but Talfourd had not stimulated or invited this sort of notice. It was quite true, however, that his reputation was entirely undeserved. There was no potency in him; nothing beyond the common, unless it was a sort of pathetic loyalty to his earliest associates. He had learned something of Charles Lamb's fantastic method of looking at things. Lamb had no practical sense in him, and in conversation was accustomed to turn into quips and jests whatever turned up; an ill example to younger men, who had to live their lives in a world which was altogether serious, and where it behoved them to consider their position in a spirit quite other than jocular; for a wrong path led to the nether darkness.

CAPTAIN STERLING.

I ASKED him about Captain Sterling, the Thunderer. He described his early career, which is now sufficiently known, and passed on to his method of fabricating his thunderbolts. The captain, he said, used to drive about London, and mix in society, and visit clubs all the forenoon. He heard what all manner of men said on the topics of the day, and at night sat down in his study and reproduced the express essence of what people were thinking, as no one else in England could do. The old pagan was far and away the greatest popular journalist of our day. He saw deeper into things than Cobbett, and had an equally clear, vigorous, incisive expression.

It was Sterling who carried the *Times* round to the Tories. He saw that there was no good likely to come out of the Whigs, and that on the whole Peel was better entitled to support. It was rumored up and down, in the trivial talk of London, that the *Times* was paid for this change, but this was altogether a mistake. Sterling had acted on his knowledge and convictions, and they soon came to be the convictions of his employers. In the end the poor fellow lost his intellect by a paralytic stroke. Afterwards he would talk sensibly enough, but his talk wanted sequence and connection. At worst he never uttered mere nonsense. Since his death people missed his writings considerably, which was by no means wonderful when one considered the despicable make-shifts and inane trivialities which formed the bulk of what was called newspaper literature. Antony, whom I had met at Cheyne Row and elsewhere — Major Sterling — was his son.

"SARTOR RESARTUS."

AS we were approaching Cork he told me there was a man there it would please him to see face to face if possible. When he was publishing "*Sartor*," only two men on the face of the globe recognized in it anything beyond bewildered bedlamite rhapsodies. One of them was Emerson, then a Unitarian preacher in America; the other a Cork priest named O'Shea. Both of them wrote to Fraser, and said: "Let us have more of '*Teufelsdröckh*,' for the man decidedly means something." At that time it was not at all a question of renown, but a question of living or not living, and he was very grateful to these men for a timely word of encouragement.

I told him nothing was easier than seeing Father O'Shea. He would be sure to meet him at the table of some of my friends in Cork, or we would call on him if he preferred.

Carlyle then proceeded to say he wrote the "*Sartor*" in a farmhouse up in the Highlands, where he and his wife lived, far enough away from any intelligible creature. Their nearest neighbors lay five miles off — a respectable kind of people whom his wife had been connected with before marriage, but who thought him, as he was poor enough at this time, a strange, dreamy sort of fellow, who had nothing in him, and he regarded their talk about as much as the croaking of jackdaws. He and his wife sometimes visited his mother-in-law, who lived fifteen miles away, and his own father and mother were at a still more inaccessible distance, and they lived quite alone for the most part for seven years. It was here he wrote all the early reviews, but as they produced a small and altogether precarious income, he determined to write a book, and he wrote "*Sartor*," and brought it up to London. No respectable bookseller would buy it from him, or so much as publish it. He found the literature of London at that time in a distracted condition, and he determined to remain throughout the winter, and observe it at closer quarters. In the end Fraser consented to take "*Sartor*" for some small sum — he believed it must have been about eighty pounds — conditioning, however, to put fifty copies of it together in volumes, and this was the way the book got itself published.

When Fraser consented to put "*Sartor*" into his magazine, he cut down the payment £5 a sheet. When he produced fifty copies of the entire thing collected

together, half-a-dozen copies were sent to men of letters in Edinburgh, not one of whom as much as acknowledged the receipt.

I asked him if the judgment of the bookseller's taste prefixed to "Sartor" was genuine. He said certainly it was genuine. It was the verdict of one of Murray's critics; Lockhart was believed to be the man.* His opinion was altogether more favorable, if any one cared to know, than the writers of the *Athenaeum*, and the like of them, pronounced on the book when it was at last published as a whole. He had not found literature a primrose path; quite otherwise, indeed. His earliest experiments had failed altogether to find acceptance from able editors, and when, at length, he came to be recognized as a writer who had something to say, editors were still alarmed at the unheard-of opinions he promulgated, and probably because he did not wear the recognized literary livery of the period. He had tried for some permanent place in life with little avail, and had commonly eaten bread as hardly earned as any man's bread in England. He could testify that the literary profession, as it is called, had not been to him by any means a land flowing with milk and honey. He might say, were it of any moment at all, that, though he had a certain faculty of work in him, the woman who manufactured the last sensational novel had probably got more money for a couple of her strange ventures than he had been paid by the whole book-selling craft from the beginning to that hour.

I suggested that he had been ill-interpreted by messieurs the critics to readers to whom his writings were not only new, but were sure to be puzzling and alarming.

As to criticism, he said Thackeray,

* I. HIGHEST CLASS, BOOKSELLER'S TASTER.

Taster to Bookseller.—"The author of 'Teufelsdröckh' is a person of talent; his work displays here and there some felicity of thought and expression, considerable fancy and knowledge; but whether or not it would take with the public seems doubtful. For a *feu d'esprit* of that kind it is too long; it would have suited better as an essay or article than as a volume. The author has no great tact; his wit is frequently heavy; and reminds one of the German baron who took to leaping on tables, and answered that he was learning to be lively. Is the work a translation?"

Bookseller to Editor.—"Allow me to say that such a writer requires only a little more tact to produce a popular as well as an able work. Directly on receiving your permission I sent your MS. to a gentleman in the highest class of men of letters, and an accomplished German scholar; I now enclose you his opinion, which, you may rely upon it, is a just one; and I have too high an opinion of your good sense to," etc., etc. — MS. (Genes nos), London, 17th September, 1831.

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John Sterling, and John Mill had written of his work in various quarters with appreciation, and more than sufficient applause; but criticism in general on books, and men, and things had become the idlest babble. Some of the foolish and shallowest speculations about his books had appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* by the editor; but very lately some papers on "Cromwell," by a writer named, or who signed himself, "Montécut," contained a deeper and truer estimate of his theory of life and human interests than he had met anywhere in a review before.

METHOD OF WORK.

SPEAKING of his method of work, he said he had found the little wooden pegs which washerwomen employ to fasten clothes to a line highly convenient for keeping together bits of notes and agenda on the same special point. It was his habit to paste on a screen in his workroom engraved portraits, when no better could be had, of the people he was then writing about. It kept the image of the man steadily in view, and one must have a clear image of him in the mind before it was in the least possible to make him be seen by the reader.

I said it was hard to rely on portraits. I had seen in an exhibition in Paris a portrait of Robespierre at the climax of his influence, and he looked like a placid provincial practitioner whose brow had not broadened with power or wrinkled with responsibility; and I added, laughing, that he was not in the least "sea-green." I saw at the same time two contemporary portraits of Louis XVI., borrowed from some historic château, as little like each other as Hamlet and Polonius. In one of them the artist had idealized the king's face into a certain strength and dignity; the other might be taken as the caricature of a constitutional king—it was such a coarse, commonplace countenance as the daguerreotype sometimes unexpectedly reveals, and a clumsy figure on which royal millinery looked quite out of place.

There was something in a genuine portrait, he said, which one could hardly fail to recognize as authentic. It looked like an actual man, with a consistent character, and left a permanent image in the memory.

EMERSON.

RETURNING to the subject of Emerson and "Sartor," he told me much which is now familiar to every one, such as his

unexpected visit to the Highlands, and his second visit to England, when he spent some days with Carlyle touring and visiting literary people, his issuing an edition of "Sartor" in America, and so forth.

I asked him if Emerson's ideas could be regarded as original. He replied that Emerson had, in the first instance, taken his system out of "Sartor" and other of his (Carlyle's) writings, but he worked it out in a way of his own. It was based on truth, undoubtedly; but Emerson constantly forgot that one truth may require to be modified by a precisely opposite truth. He had not a broad intellect, but it was clear, and sometimes even profound. His writings wanted consistency and a decisive intelligible result. One was constantly disappointed at their suddenly stopping short and leading to nothing. They were full of beauties — diamonds, or at times, bits of painted glass, strung on a thread, which had no necessary connection with each other. He frequently hit upon isolated truths, but they remained isolated — they nowhere combined into an intelligible theory of life.

I asked him if he found more in the man than in his writings. He said, no; when they came to talk with each other their opinions were constantly found to clash. Emerson believed that every man's self-will ought to be cultivated, that men would grow virtuous and submissive to just authority, need no coercion, and all that sort of thing. He knew there were men up and down the world fit to govern the rest; but he conceived that, when such a man was found, instead of being put in the seat of authority, he ought to be restrained with fetters, as a thing dangerous and destructive. He bore, however, with great good humor the utter negation and contradiction of his theories. He had a sharp, perking little face, and he kept bobbing it up and down with "Yissir, yissir" (*mimicking*) in answer to objections or expositions. He got mixed up with a set of philanthropists, but I told him, Carlyle added, that we had long ago discovered what sort of a set *they* were, and that they would be mightily rejoiced to get any decent captain to march at their head. Emerson, however, could not be induced on any conditions to applaud their sordid peace, or preach the panacea of cold water.

FATHER O'SHEA.

HE met Father O'Shea repeatedly at Cork. I was present during their interviews, but, as he has given some account

of them himself in the "Reminiscences," I naturally prefer it to my notes: —

Rain slightly beginning now, I return; take to writing: near 11 o'clock, — announces himself "Father O'Shea!" (who I thought had been dead;) to my astonishment enter a little greyhaired, intelligent-and-bred looking man, with much gesticulation, boundless royal welcome, red with dinner and some wine, engages that we are to meet to-morrow, — and again with explosion of welcome, goes his way. This Father O'Shea, some 15 years ago, had been, with Emerson of America, one of the two sons of Adam who encouraged poor bookseller Fraser, and didn't discourage him, to go on with "Teufelsdröckh." I had often remembered him since; had not long before re-enquired his name, but understood somehow that he was dead; and now! To bed, after brief good-night to Duffy; and, for rattling of window (masses of pamphlets will not stand it) cannot, till near 5 A.M., get to sleep at all.

Next day he met Father O'Shea at dinner with Mr. Denny Lane, another ex-political prisoner.

Fine brown Irish figure, Denny [he says]; distiller — ex-repaler; frank, hearty, honest air; like Alfred Tennyson a little.

Opposite me at dinner was Father Shea, didactic, loud-spoken, courteous, good every way — a true gentleman and priest in the Irish style. . . . Good O'Shea, who I hear labors diligently among a large poor flock; [has] 3 or 4 curates: and though nothing of a bigot, seems truly a serious man.

We made a brief stay at Killarney, our host being Shine Lalor, who had barely escaped imprisonment in the late troubles. His residence, Castle Lough, was one of the show places of Killarney, and he brought Carlyle to the points of chief interest in the Lake district. There is a long account of this experience in the "Reminiscences," but it does not invite citation.

A KERRY HOMESTEAD.

THE land question was a constant topic, and one day, as we drove through the county Kerry, I interrupted a colloquy on Irish landlords, in which Carlyle was disposed to insist that difference of religion made the people unduly suspicious of them, by inviting him to get off our car, and enter some huts on Lord Kenmare's estate, that he might judge for himself what sort of homes a landlord who professed the same creed as his tenants provided for them. Here is the account he gives in the "Reminiscences" of the district, the people, and their homes: —

Bare, *blue*, bog without limit, ragged people in small force working languidly at their scantlings or peats, no other work at all; look hungry in their rags; hopeless, air as of creatures sunk beyond hope. Look into one of their huts under pretence of asking for a draught of water: dark, narrow, *two* women nursing, other young women on foot as if for work; but it is narrow, dark, as if the people and their life were covered under a tub, or "tied in a sack;" all things smeared over too with a liquid *green*; the cow (I find) has her habitation here withal. No water; the poor young woman produces butter-milk; in real pity I give her a shilling. Duffy had done the like in the adjoining cottage, ditto, ditto in Charcuter, with the addition that a man lay in fever there. These were the wretchedest population I saw in Ireland. "Live, sir? The Lord knows; what we can beg, and rob," (rob means *scrape up*; I suppose?): Lord Kinmare's people, he never looks after them, leases worthless bog, and I know not what. Bog all reclaimable, lime everywhere in it: swift exit to Lord Kinmare and the leases, or whatever the accursed *incubus* is!

After we set out again on our journey, Carlyle said he often thought how like Ireland was to the Irish horse Larry, which he had up at Craigenputtock. Larry sometimes broke into insubordination, but, on the whole, he was one of the most generous, kindly, and affectionate fellows that one could anywhere encounter. Mrs. Carlyle became dissatisfied with her mount one day, they were riding on the moors, and proposed to try Larry. Up to that moment Larry had been skittish and intractable, but after Jane got on his back he behaved himself like a gentleman. He was on honor, and conducted himself accordingly.

I suggested that Larry, like his country, knew when he was well-treated, and had a decided objection to perpetual whip and spur.

MISS O'NEILL.

DURING our journey through the county Cork Carlyle decided to visit Sir William and Lady Beecher, to whom he had brought introductions from Major Sterling, and he quitted me a day or two for this purpose. I was curious to hear of Lady Beecher, who was once the famous Irish actress Miss O'Neill.

He said he could not contrive to like her. She was a striking figure, but she had cold, cruel eyes, and a silent, reserved air which was altogether disagreeable. She lived in stern reserve, and imposed her rigorous formal character upon her household and everything about her. Her face might once have been handsome, but

he did not think it ever could have been beautiful to him. It was now worn and faded, but her bearing was stately and striking.

I asked if I was to imply that she played the tragedy queen in private life.

No, he said, nothing could be more simple and systematic than her habits. She lived in constant obedience to what she called her duty, a sort of thrall of the Thirty-nine Articles and that sort of thing. Very sincerely, too, one could see.

When he arrived she had evidently not liked him, and peered at him through her cold blue eyes, half shut with anxious scrutiny; but she came to like him better afterwards, and opened them a little. There was an immense portrait of her as Juliet, the one commonly engraved, he believed, which the artist had taken out to Russia when the emperor brought him there, but his brother brought it back, and the old baronet purchased it. There was much more geniality and kindness about the eyes in the portrait than the lady exhibited just now. She spoke about her former connection with the stage like one quite above all accidents of that kind; as a sovereign might speak of some incident of her early life in exile. There were two young daughters, the youngest really a lovely little lassie, and three boys; two were going to be barristers, and one was a soldier in Canada. The old baronet, who was stricken with disease, was a fine, simple old gentleman, and their house was a thorough English mansion.

Our meeting again at Limerick is noted in the "Reminiscences:"—

Long low street, parallel to our rail; exotic in aspect, *Limk* plebs live there. Station, strait confused; amid rain; and Duffy stands there, with sad loving smile, a glad sight to me after all; and so in omnibus, with spectre, blacksmith, and full fare of others,—(omnibus that *couldn't* have a window opened) to "Cruise's Hotel,"—Cruise himself, a lean, eager-looking little man of forty, most reverent of Duffy, as is common here, riding with us. Private room; and ambitious—bad dinner, kickshaws (sweetbreads, salmon, &c) and uneatables.

July 24. — Glove shop; Limerick gloves, scarcely *any* made now; buy a pair of cloth gloves; n. b. have my gutta-percha shoes out *soleing* with leather, gutta having gone like toasted cheese on the paving in the late hot weather; right glad to have leather shoes again! Breakfast bad; confused inanity of morning, settling, &c, about noon Duffy goes away for Galway; and I am to follow after a day. Foolish young Limerick philosopher,—kind of "Young Limerick" (*neither* Old nor Young Ireland), in smoking room (wretched

place), smokes with me while Duffy is packing to go; shewed me afterwards the locality of the Mitchel-and-Meagher tragi-comedy, and ciceroned me thro' the streets. Quaker Onthank at 3½ P.M.; lean triangular visage (kind of "Chemist," I think), Irish accent, altogether English in thought, speech, and ways. Rational exact man; long before any other I could see in these parts.

We had brief snatches of talk at Limerick when the day's sight-seeing was done.

"FESTUS."

I ASKED him if he knew anything of a poem called "Festus." A hard-headed young Scotchman wanted to give me a specimen of convenient bookbinding, and offered me a volume, which he said I might take without scruple, as he would never open it again; it was the maddest rhapsody ever printed in legible type. This was "Festus," but I found it to be rich in poetry and sparkling with imagery of singular freshness and power.

"Festus" he said he had never read, but he understood it was "Faustus" in a new garment, a sort of lunar shadow of Faust. Having eaten his pudding he was content, and felt no inclination to eat it again *réchauffé*. The poem made a great sensation in New England, and might have merits of which he was not aware. A troublesome fool had volunteered to bring the author, Bailey, to Cheyne Row, and it was probable he (Carlyle) had not treated him well. He was abrupt and impatient, he believed, confounding Bailey with the fellow who had volunteered to be sponsor for him. The young man was writing just now for a Nottingham newspaper of which his father was printer or something of that sort.

IRISH HISTORY.

It was inconceivable, he went on to say, how Irishmen fought futile and forgotten battles over again. Petrie (artist and antiquary, whom he had met in Dublin) was still in a rage against Bryan Boroihme for having upset the ancient constitution of Ireland—not a very serious calamity one might surmise. It was working well, it seemed—or it seemed to Petrie, at any rate—till Bryan conquered and brought into subjection the subordinate princes. Bryan pleased the immortal gods, but the other parties pleased Petrie. Bryan Boroihme, his friends and enemies, his conquests over Celts and Danes, presented to one's mind only interminable confusion and chaos, or if there might, as my head-shaking implied, be a ground-plan more

or less intelligible, it was not worth searching for. But there was a period of Irish history really impressive and worthy to be remembered, when the island undoubtedly sent missionaries throughout all the world then known to mankind, when she was a sort of model school for the nations, and in verity an island of saints. A book worthy to be written by some large-minded Irishman was one on that period, accompanied by another, which unhappily would be a tragic contrast, on the present and future of the country.

I said it was an Irish "Past and Present" he desired, but I thought there was more need of an Irish "Chartism," a vehement protest against the wickedness of ignorant and persistent misgovernment.

There was misgovernment enough in Ireland, he said, and in England too, where, however, it was encountered in an altogether different spirit. This longing after Bryan Boroihme was not a salutary appetite. There was scarcely a man, he should say, among the whole catalogue of Bryan Boroihmes worth the trouble of recalling.

I suggested that they would compare favorably with the English rulers from Henry VIII. to George IV., both august personages included.

HENRY VIII.

HENRY [he said] when one came to consider the circumstances he had to deal with, would be seen to be one of the best kings England had ever got. He had the right stuff in him for a king, he knew his own mind; a patient, resolute, decisive man, one could see, who understood what he wanted, which was the first condition of success in any enterprise, and by what methods to bring it about. He saw what was going on in ecclesiastical circles at that time in England, and perceived that it could not continue without results very tragical for the kingdom he was appointed to rule, and he overhauled them effectually. He had greedy, mutinous, unvaracious opponents, and to chastise them was forced to do many things which in these sentimental times an enlightened public opinion [laughing] would altogether condemn; but when one looked into the matter a little, it was seen that Henry for the most was right.

I suggested that among the things he wanted and knew how to get, was as long a roll of wives as the Grand Turk. It would have been a more humane method to have taken them, like that potentate, simultaneously than successively; he

would have been saved the need of killing one to make room for another, and then requiring Parliament to disgrace itself by sanctioning the transaction.

Carlyle replied that this method of looking at King Henry's life did not help much to the understanding of it. He was a true ruler at a time when the will of the Lord's anointed counted for something, and it was likely that he did not regard himself as doing wrong in any of these things over which modern sentimentality grew so impatient.

THE CHELSEA PHILOSOPHY.

Apropos of the difficulty most people would have in accepting his theory of Henry's character (which the reader will remember was not yet gilded and varnished by Mr. Froude), I spoke of other difficulties. I told him a scoffing friend of mine suggested that the Chelsea philosophy included two theories impossible to reconcile; one insisted that a man without a purpose in life was no better than carrion, the other that a man who affirms he had a purpose was a manifest quack and impostor. For myself, I said, I found a difficulty of a similar nature, which I would be glad to have cleared up. He taught that a man of genius is commonly quite unconscious of the gift, and he treated with contempt as a cheat any one who professed to be so endowed. Suppose, I added, I ask you, Are you a man of genius? If you say no, how am I to accept that as a satisfactory answer? If you say yes, consider on your own theory what consequence follows.

He laughed, and said that, with proper deductions for the practical purpose in view, on each occasion, all this would be found to be altogether in harmony. As to himself, a forlorn and heavily laden mortal, with many miseries to abolish, or subdue into silence, he made no claim to preternatural endowments of any sort; few mortals less. As for genius, genius was in some senses strict vigilance, veracity, and fidelity to fact, which every mortal must cherish if his life was not to have a tragic issue. After a long pause of silent meditation he went on:

One had to accept the manifest facts; how else? Not one man in a million spoke truth in these times, or acted it, and hence the condition of things. Thousands of wretches in the poor-house, and hundreds busy fox-hunting or foreign touring, in complete indifference to them. A man of the rascal species, who set up a bank of lies as his capital and equipment

in life, could not have existed before the last century; but now you found a man of that class wherever you turned up and down the world. Plain dealing and frank speaking seemed to have vanished. Every year it was harder and harder to get an honest article of any fabric—a thing which was what it purported to be, or was not something shamefully the reverse of that. The inevitable end and net result of this sort of thing was one which he need not be at the trouble of specifying.

I told him that a lively young man of my acquaintance insisted that there was something to be said for shoddy. For his part he did not want coats, trousers, hats, and handkerchiefs to last forever, and make a man look like a caricature of himself. If they lasted a shorter time they cost less and you could renew them oftener. A hat that would look well for twelve months, if ever there was such a hat, cost a sum for which you could equip yourself with a shoddy hat once a quarter, having freshness as well as novelty of structure. And women were able to dress infinitely better and more effectively at the same cost under the shoddy system.

Yes, he said, there was always an *Advocatus Diaboli* who had a good word for his distinguished client, but the less men trafficked in that sort of commodity the better it would be for them.

BUCKLE.

I ASKED him about Buckle. I had recently read the first volume of his introduction to a "History of Civilization in England," and thought it exhibited prodigious reading and a remarkable power of generalization; but the style seemed to me clumsy, and colored with perpetual egotism. Carlyle said he could not be pestered reading the book beyond the extracts one found in the weekly papers. Buckle had a theory of life one could see to which he required his facts to infallibly correspond—at their peril [*laughing*].

I suggested that Mr. Buckle had gathered valuable materials. Macaulay, with the same facts, would have written half-a-dozen essays, which would become familiar to every reading household in England, and there was another writer who would have extracted the essential oil from them to better purpose. Buckle's theory was that the world owed its progress, not to the influence of religion or the arts of civilization, but to what he called inquiry—meaning scepticism. From it, he insisted, came religious liberty and the gradual recognition of political rights.

The philosopher of Chelsea taught that the course of history was regulated by the lives of great men; Mr. Buckle insisted that it was regulated by the course of great rivers. Nations were misled, he affirmed, by not sufficiently investigating natural causes. He regarded the human race as the bond-slaves of external phenomena; a rich soil or a temperate climate produced wealth, and civilization followed but never preceded the creation of capital. Civilization sprang up in an alluvial soil, or under a genial sky; and the distribution of wealth as well as the creation was governed entirely by physical laws.

The eternal laws of the universe, Carlyle said, told an altogether different story, and the man who refused to recognize them, or insisted on reconstructing the world on a theory of his own, was not worth the pains of listening to.

People kept asking him, "Have you read Buckle's book?" but he answered that he had not, and was not at all likely to do so. He saw bits of it from time to time in reviews, and found nothing in them but shallow dogmatism and inordinate conceit. English literature had got into such a condition of falsity and exaggeration that one may doubt if we should ever again get a genuine book. Probably not. There were no longer men to write or to read them, and the ultimate result of that sort of thing was one which might be conceived. I said it was not pleasant to begin life with so dark a lookout.

MAZZINI.

I ASKED him about the party of Young Italy and its leader. Mazzini, he said, was a diminutive, dark-visaged, little fellow, with bright black eyes, about the stature of that newspaper Barry whom he had encountered at Cork.* Mazzini was a perfectly honorable and true man, but possessed by wild and fanciful theories borrowed from the French Republicans. He believed in Georges Sand and that sort of cattle, and was altogether unacquainted with the true relation of things in this world. The best thing that had ever befallen him was the opening of his letters by Sir James Graham; he was little known in London before that transaction; known, in fact, to few people except the circle in Cheyne Row. But afterwards he had innumerable dinner invitations, and got subscriptions up and down London for his Italian schools and other undertakings.

* Michael Joseph Barry, then editor of the *Southern Reporter*.

DIARY 1854. I spoke to Mrs. Carlyle of Mazzini, whose name just then was a good deal in the newspapers. She said his character, which was generous and self-devoted, was greatly spoiled by a spirit of intrigue. He was always thinking what advantage he could get out of every occurrence.

Advantage for his cause? I queried.

Yes, advantage for his cause, she said; but by methods such a man should scorn. It was he who planned the dinner of revolutionists at the American consul's lately, which got the American ambassador into such a scrape. The consul, a young American—Saunders was probably his name—pestered Mazzini to dine with him. He would only consent on condition that Garibaldi, Kossuth, Ledru-Rollin, and the rest were invited. An old Pole, it was said, had to borrow a sovereign to get his uniform out of pawn. Mazzini expected great results in Italy and Hungary from the false interpretation which would be put on this dinner with an American official. Ledru-Rollin and Kossuth, who hated each other, met there for the first time, and probably never again. In fact it was all a stage play, which Mazzini expected to produce the effect of a sincere and serious transaction.*

I said I had supposed him too grave and proud for anything like a trick. She said he was certainly grave and dignified, but he sometimes uttered trivial sentimentalities, with this air of gravity and dignity, in a way that was intensely comic. He was entirely engrossed in his purpose, however, while one of his brother triumphs in the government of Rome actually wrote to London to say that the *Westminster Review* need not despair of an article he had promised, he would send it with the delay of a month or two. This was a national tribune *pour rire*.

LYNCH LAW.

SPEAKING of strikes, he said artisans had probably been ill-used; injustice was to be met with in all departments of human affairs, but they had attempted to right themselves by methods which could on no account be tolerated—systematized outrages resembling the ugly gambols of Lynch law beyond the Atlantic.

* On Tuesday last, the eve of Washington's birthday, G. N. Sanders, Esq., the American consul at London, gave an international dinner at his residence, when there were present Mr. Buchanan, Kossuth, Mazzini, Ledru-Rollin, Sir J. Walmsley, M.P., Garibaldi, Worcell, Orsini, Pulsky, Herten, and Mr. Welsh, Attaché to the Legation in London." (*Illustrated London News*, Feb. 25, 1854.)

I suggested that something might be said for Lynch law. It was the only chivalry of the old type left in the world, which righted wrongs and chastised evil-doers for the simple love of justice. Its officials might be regarded by imaginative persons as the knight-errants of the nineteenth century.

Carlyle laughed, and said they were knights worthy of the century; blind, passionate, ignorant of real justice, and intolerably self-confident in their ignorance. Lynch law was the invention of a people given to loud talk and self-exhibition, who had done nothing considerable in the world that he had ever heard of.

At Galway our host was a man who had afterwards a remarkable career — Edward Butler, then the editor of a Nationalist journal, who had been a State prisoner recently, and became a few years later leader of the Sydney bar and attorney-general of New South Wales. In the "Reminiscences" Carlyle notes a curious *rencontre* at this time: —

Hospitable luncheon from this good editor, Duffy's sub-editor now, I think; in great tumult, in blazing dusty sun, we do get seated in the "Tuam Car," quite full and — Walker [introduction from Major Sterling, brother of John Sterling] recognizing me, inviting warmly both Duffy and me to his house at Sligo, and mounting up beside me, also for Tuam this night, — roll prosperously away, Duffy had almost rubbed shoulders with Attorney-General Monahan; a rather sinister polite gentleman in very clean linen, who strove hard to have got him hanged lately, but couldn't, such was the *bottomless* condition of the thing called "Law" in Ireland.

The Queen's College, of which Galway seemed to be particularly proud, planted on the lonely and desolate shores of Lough Corrib, opposite the poor-house, appeared to Carlyle like a reduced gentleman sitting in the mud waiting for relief from the establishment over the way.

On our journey towards Sligo an incident occurred so unexpected and characteristic that it deserves to be mentioned. We were inside passengers by a mail coach, and before it started a young bride and bridegroom on their honeymoon joined us. The bride was charming, and Carlyle courteously talked to her about sight-seeing and the pleasures of travelling, mounting at times to higher themes, like a man who never had a care. He got out of the coach for a moment at a roadside station, and the bride, whom I happened to have known at Belfast, from whence she came, immediately exclaimed, "Who is that

twaddling old Scotchman who allows no one to utter a word but himself?" I was so tickled by this illustration of the folly of scattering pearls in unsuitable places, that I burst into a guffaw of laughter, which was not easily extinguished. In the evening Carlyle asked me what I had been laughing at so boisterously. I told him, expecting him to be as much amused as I was. But philosophers, I suppose, don't like to be laughed at by young brides, for he was as much disconcerted by the incident as a beau of four-and-twenty. The absurdity of her judgment he refused to see, and was disposed to insist that she was merely a charming embodiment of the *vox populi*, for undoubtedly he was an old Scotchman, and probably twaddled a good deal to no purpose.

MORE ODDS AND ENDS.

DURING our western journey the talk one day was confined to trifles. I asked him if he had ever come to any decision as to the authorship of "Junius." He replied that in his opinion it did not matter a brass farthing to any human being who was Junius. I rejoined that one could not well be indifferent to a question which it was alleged touched the honor of either Burke, Chatham, Gibbon, or Grattan. There was a library of controversy on the question — books, pamphlets, essays, and articles — the writers of which must have set a considerable value on the solution of the problem. It probably did not, Carlyle said, concern the honor of Burke and the others in the slightest degree. Persons who dealt with questions of this nature seemed to be of opinion, if any one cared to know, that Philip Francis was the man.

I said that if I was sure of anything in the business it was that Francis was not the man. After his return from India he was constantly posing as a probable Junius, and after his death his wife made the claim definitely on his behalf; but if Junius wanted to be known he had the means of putting the matter outside the regions of doubt. I was persuaded that Francis was Junius's amanuensis and intermediary with Woodfall, and was fond of masquerading in his master's cast clothes. Carlyle made no answer, and proceeded to speak of other things.

I told him of a time when I had travelled over a part of our present route with John Mitchel and John O'Hagan (both known to him). After supper one evening, as O'Hagan read aloud a chapter of "Sartor Resartus," a commercial traveller who had

strayed into the room demanded if he were playing a practical joke, pretending to read and applaud such astonishing nonsense. O'Hagan mildly assured him it was a genuine book he read, written by Thomas Carlyle. "Carlisle," he exclaimed, "I am not astonished at anything that fellow would publish. I saw his shop in Fleet Street, with a bishop in one window and the devil in another." O'Hagan informed him that Thomas Carlyle was as different a person from Richard Carlisle as Solomon the wise king from Solomon the old-clothes man. But he refused to be persuaded. "Why, sir," he repeated, "I saw with my own eyes his shop in Fleet Street, with the bishop and the devil side by side."

Carlyle said the bagman was better informed than his class since he knew enough to construct an hypothesis of his own on the subject. Opinions and criticisms about himself were things he heard with little satisfaction; they were for the most part unutterably trivial and worthless. He was known in some small degree to a few men whom he knew in turn, and that was all that was needful or salutary.

I told him that when I was in London a few weeks before I heard people laughing a good deal at the idea of him which had impressed itself on the mind of a Whig official of the second class. At a dinner-table the talk fell on the philosopher of Chelsea. After puzzling for a while to identify him, the official asked his neighbor in a whisper, "Isn't that the man who wrote the 'French Revolution'—with a Scotch accent?"

Carlyle laughed heartily, and imitated his unknown critic in various banal phrases always ending with the Scotch accent. I suggested that the official instead of a *bêtise* would have made an epigram if he had inquired whether the Mr. Carlyle in question was not the man who wrote all his speculations about Ireland with a decidedly Scotch accent? He laughed, and told the story of the Scotch judge who thought a little hanging would be very useful to a prisoner, implying, I suppose, that a little rough usage was wholesome for Ireland.

I told him that a student, in whose capacity and disposition I had a strong belief, asked for a line in his handwriting, a guiding maxim, if he might choose. We had now arrived at our hotel, and Carlyle wrote on a scrap of paper, as fitting counsel for the case in hand, "*Fais ton fait.*"*

* This was the late Cashel Hoey, whose too early death is announced while these pages are being revised.

Recurring to Mitchel, he asked if difference of policy had been the main cause of our separation.

Certainly, I said, it had. He wanted to advise the people not to pay poor-rate, poor-rate being the poor man's rent, and to prepare for immediate insurrection, when famine was everywhere in the island, and the French Revolution had not revived the national spirit. But he, Carlyle, was accountable for another cause of our difference; he had taught Mitchel to oppose the liberation of the negroes, and the emancipation of the Jews. Mitchel wanted to preach these opinions in the *Nation*, but I could not permit this to be done, my own convictions being altogether different.

Mitchel, he said, would be found to be right in the end; the black man could not be emancipated from the laws of nature, which had pronounced a very decided decree on the question, and neither could the Jew.

W. E. FORSTER.

TOWARDS the end of July, the young Quaker, whose arrival Carlyle had promised somewhere on the journey, suddenly joined us. He was engaged in administering a fund which his family and friends had raised for the relief of Irish distress, and has left a record of what he saw in Ireland which, for ghastly horror, rivals Defoe's picture of the Great Plague. He was at that time a vigorous, active young fellow, of simple habits and simple speech, in which no one would have detected the future statesman. In the "Reminiscences" Carlyle thus records his arrival:

Car to Ballina (*Bally* is place, *vallum*); drivers, boots, &c., busy packing. Tuam coach (ours of yesterday) comes in; there rushes from it, shot as if by cannon from Yorkshire or Morpeth without stopping,—W. E. Forster! very blue-nosed, but with news from my wife, and with inextinguishable good-humor; he mounts with us almost without refecation, and we start for Ballina; public car all to ourselves; gloomy hulks of mountains on the left; country ill-tilled, some untilled, vacant, and we get upon wide stony moorland, and come in sight of the desolate expanses of "Lough Con." . . . Duffy has been at mass and sermon. Priest reproving practices on "patron days" (pilgrimages, &c., which issue now in whisky mainly), with much good sense, says Duffy.

At Westport we came on a ruined population overflowing the workhouse and swarming in the streets. They were idle, or only making believe to work here and there, the Parliament in London having

peremptorily negated the proposal to turn these huge buildings into manufactories, where useful industries might be taught to young men and women, while the able-bodied were employed in raising the food they consumed. This is Carlyle's account of the place:—

Human swinery has here reached its acme, happily: 30,000 paupers in this union, population supposed to be 60,000. Workhouse proper (I suppose) cannot hold above 3 or 4000 of them, subsidiary workhouses and outdoor relief for the others. Abomination of desolation! what *can* you make of it? Outdoor quasi-work; 3 or 400 big hulks of fellows tumbling about with shares, picks, and barrows, "levelling" the end of their workhouse hill; at first glance you would think them all working; look nearer, in each shovel there is some ounce or two of mould, and it is all make-believe; 5 or 600 boys and lads pretending to break stones. Can it be a *charity* to keep men alive on these terms? . . . Fifty-four wretched mothers sat rocking young offspring in one room; *vogue la galère*. "Dean Bourke" (Catholic priest, to whom also we had a letter) turns up here; middle-aged, middle-sized figure, rustyish black coat, hesian boots, white stockings, good-humored, loud-speaking face, frequent Lundyfoot snuff; a mad pauper woman shrieks to be towards him, keepers seize her, bear her off shrieking; Dean, poor fellow, has to take it "asy," I find—how otherwise? Issuing from the workhouse ragged cohorts are in waiting for him, persecute him with their begging. Wherever he shows face, some scores, soon waxing to be hundreds, of wretches beset him: he confesses he dare not stir out except on horseback, or with some fenced park to take refuge; poor Dean Bourke!

The Irish problem, Carlyle said as we came away, was to make a beginning in checking pauperism. This was the first task a sensible man would desire to see taken in hand. He would not attempt to show the way, not being familiar with practical business, but he asserted there was a way. Peel, from his mastery over the details of business, knowing what this axle and that wheel was fit for, had great advantages, and if he were only thirty years of age with his present experience, he would do some notable work before he died.

One spectacle which struck Mr. Carlyle much in the later days of our journey, he has omitted to notice in the "Reminiscences," the systematic suppression of the peasantry by the landlords. I borrow a page or two from my own diary of the period on this and some other forgotten incidents:—

We travelled slowly from Limerick to Sligo, and we found everywhere the features of a recently conquered country. Clare was almost a wilderness from Kilrush to Corofin. The desolate shores of Lough Corrib would have resembled a desert but that the stumps of ruined houses showed that not nature, but man, had been the desolator. Between Kilala Bay and Sligo, during an entire day's travel, we estimated that every second dwelling was pulled down; and not cabins alone, but stone houses fit for the residence of a substantial yeomanry.

We were shown the mansion of a baronet who spent in London a rental of £30,000 a year drawn from his Irish tenantry; he had ejected three hundred and twenty persons within a few months, and was in arrears with his poor-rate.

The degradation which had fallen on the generous Celtic race was a sight such as I had nowhere seen or read of. The famine and the landlords have actually created a *new race* in Ireland. We saw on the streets of Galway crowds of creatures more debased than the Yahoos of Swift—creatures having only a distant and hideous resemblance to human beings. Grey-headed old men whose idiotic faces had hardened into a settled leer of mendicancy, and women filthier and more frightful than the harpies, who at the jingle of a coin on the pavement swarmed in myriads from unseen places; struggling, screaming, *shrieking* for their prey, like some monstrous and unclean animals. In Westport the sight of the priest on the street gathered an entire pauper population, thick as a village market, swarming round him for relief. Beggar children, beggar adults, beggars in white hairs, girls with faces grey and shrivelled; women with the more touching and tragic aspect of lingering shame and self-respect not yet effaced; and among these terrible realities, imposture shaking in pretended fits to add the last touch of horrible grotesqueness to the picture! I saw these accursed sights, and they are burned into my memory forever. Poor, mutilated, and debased scions of a tender, brave and pious stock, they were martyrs in the battle of centuries for the right to live in their own land, and no Herculaneum or Pompeii covers ruins so memorable to me as those which lie buried under the fallen roof-trees of an "Irish extermination."

After such a tragedy as Westport exhibited we could have little relish, I fancy, for criticism, or the biography of notabilities, but Carlyle reports that the day finished as usual with "babbling of literature," for which, it seems, I was responsible, needing, perhaps, some relief after much natural wrath and pity.

Duffy and I privately decide that we will have some luncheon at our inn, and quit this

citadel of mendicancy, intolerable to gods and man, back to Castlebar *this* evening. Brilliant rose-pink landlady, reverent of Duffy. Bouquet to Duffy; mysteriously handed from unknown young lady, with verse or prose note; humph! humph!—and so without accident in now bright hot afternoon, we take leave of Croagh Patrick—(devils and serpents all collected there—Oh, why isn't there some Patrick to do it now again!) and babbling of "literature" (not by *my* will), perhaps about 5 P.M. arrive at Castlebar again, and (for D.'s sake) are reverently welcomed.

At Donegal our pleasant trip ended. I had to return to Dublin with a view to revive immediately the *Nation* (which had been suppressed by the government in July, 1848), and Carlyle, after a brief visit to Gweedore, was to sail from Derry to Glasgow. This is the notice of our dispersion in the "Reminiscences," somewhat abridged:—

Sea and Donegal and Killibegs, moory raggedness with green patches near, all treeless—nothing distinct till steep narrow street of "Ballyshannon;" mills, breweries, considerable, confused, much white-washed country town. Tourists, quasi-English, busy at table already: silent exct. waiter, doing his swiftest in imperturbable patience and silence. And so to the road again, quitting Ballyshannon; only Duffy, Forster, and I did breakfast there.

Donegal a dingy little town; triangular market place; run across to see O'Neill's old mansion; skeleton of really sumptuous old castle.—Spanish gold in Queen Elizabeth's time had helped. Dropping Forster, who will go by Glenties to Gweedore, and meet *me* there; Duffy is for Dublin, I for Derry, and we part at Stranorlar; I, by appointment, am for Lord George Hill's, and have a plan of route from Plattnauer. And now from the moor-edge one sees "Stranorlar" several miles off, and a valley mostly green, not exemplary for culture, but most welcome here. Down towards it, Duffy earnestly talking, consulting, questioning; pathetic, as looking to the speedy end now. Down into the valley; fat heavy figure, in grey coarse woollen, suddenly running with us, sees me, says "all right!" It is poor Plattnauer, who has come thus far to meet me! we get him up; enter through the long outskirts of "Stranorlar," up its long idle-looking street, to coach-stand; and there Duffy stretching out his hand, with silent sorrowful face, I say, "Farewell," and am off to Plattnauer's little inn; and consider *my* tour as almost ended.

I had sent to Dublin to procure a supply of Carlyle's favorite repeal pipes, which I hoped to give him before parting, and I got in reply a story with a moral. The repeal pipe had been pushed out of the market by an enterprising English manufacturer, who fabricated an imitation

of it in cheaper materials, in chalk, I believe, instead of pipe clay; and after earning a little dishonest profit by selling it under the same name, totally destroyed the character of both articles, and brought the traffic to an end. I told the story to Carlyle, and assured him that this had been the history of more important industrial enterprises in Ireland. Our native woollens had been imitated in shoddy in Yorkshire, and the fraudulent article sent for sale in Dublin as Irish manufacture. Carlyle said the despicable and distracted career of modern competition had many worse incidents to exhibit. One of the most alarming phases of our social life was complete contempt for veracity and integrity, by which profit was pursued by these sons of Mammon, the ultimate result of which no reasonable man could doubt.

As soon as he got settled at home our correspondence recommenced, and a little later our conversations.

C. GAVAN DUFFY.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
ON DUTCH CANALS.

THE man who wants a hearty laugh may be counselled to take his skates into Holland and spend a week or two gliding over the canals of that somewhat dismal land. He must, of course, have a taste for ice in the first place. Further, his pleasure is more likely to be assured if he also have no objection to gin, extremely cold beds, and female faces upon which, also, he will but seldom be able to discover a single beautiful feature. In fact, he must go in the mood of the safe philosopher to whom it is all one whether he suffers or enjoys, and to whom virtue and vice are the equivalents of beauty and ugliness.

We all know that nature is a very fickle personage. The man who times his goings and his comings upon a forecast of her moods is sure to make mistakes. Only once in a hundred times may the helpless mortal aim deliberately at the bull's-eye of the future, and anon be able to congratulate himself upon his good fortune. This refers especially to castles of hope built upon ice. I don't know how a mathematician would compute the odds against the likelihood of a frost's continuance; but they must be crushing. A man may busy himself with anticipations and arrangements, buy new skates for the purpose, and set off gleefully for the steam-packets

at Harwich, only to find that entertaining little seaport saturated with a tepid drizzle. I know nothing more apt to induce a splenetic frame of mind than such a miscarriage of expectation.

Yet that is what happened to the writer last winter. The consequence was that I withdrew to my cabin in a rage and thrust my skates heatedly out of sight, only to wake in the morning, however, to realize that nature is the most glorious trickster under the sun. For the sky was then of that bewitching veiled blue which in winter means frost, the air nipped keen when I opened the porthole, and (loveliest of sights!) the broad Maas was nearly as thick with ice as it could be, and the crunching of the ship through the midst of the baby 'bergs made the sweetest of music for a skater's ears. Of course, this last might have been coincident with a thaw. But I soon saw that it was not. A glittering lacework of thin ice (the work of the past night) welded block to block where the previous steamer cut its way, even as we were cutting ours.

With the Fahrenheit deck thermometer at twelve degrees there seemed no doubt about the portents. The red noses and iced moustaches and ropes which enlivened the deck fortified hope yet deeper. And so I was soon in high spirits, and quite in the humor to agree with the young Dutchman (home-bound for the holidays) who walked the deck with me, that his native skates were much superior to mine. He was an agreeable young Dutchman, and I regret that the allurements of the ice prevented me from accepting his invitation to taste the sweets of Dutch domestic life in his family circle at Amsterdam.

Though we landed in Rotterdam at eleven o'clock, it was nearly nine before I found myself in Holland's capital. With natural enthusiasm, I proposed there and then to skate twenty miles of the way. With this in view, I alighted from the train at Leyden — having travelled thus far alone with a sardonic-looking Jew, whose nose almost curved across the carriage to me — and there put on my skates for the first experience of Dutch ice. And a shocking experience it was. It was by this time an ideal winter's afternoon, with a bow of fire-color in the west, whither the sun was descending, and the sky overhead a pallid turquoise tint. But I lost my way on the Leyden waters, and went to and fro round and round the town, vainly seeking the exit towards Haarlem.

The directions I received were of the ambiguous order, and so was my knowledge of colloquial Dutch. Thus it happened that the twilight had begun ere at length I broke into the country, and saw the long canal before me.

There was another obstacle. The wind blew from the north, and mighty strong. It seemed folly in me to toil against this freezing blast during the early watches of the night. Besides, the ice was not all good. Where the canal-boats had made their last effort to cut themselves loose the surface was vile in the extreme, and it was at least possible I might split my skull on one of these edges, and be at the time miles away from a doctor or an undertaker. Moreover, I became so consumedly jealous of the pace of the people who were coming in my direction (with the wind in their backs) that the temptation to turn grew irresistible. And so, after a brief pause at the canvas stall of a dame with a blue and red face and a body that looked like a bundle of shawls, I again confronted Leyden. Its spires rose darkly against the lingering light of the cold sky. Warmed by the dame's coffee, I shot forward with exhilarating speed. I even succeeded in catching up three young pastors of the Church whose pace, as they hung on each other's coat-tails, had seemed to me particularly offensive. I passed them like a rocket, and so again reached the railway station.

The following night in the Old Bible Hotel of Amsterdam was very bitter "Of course," my young Dutch friend on the boat had observed, "you will go to the Old Bible. It has a great attraction for the English." Accordingly I went. But I do not advise others to follow my example, unless they have so much melody in their souls that the nocturnal chiming of the cathedral bells shall evoke a responsive and soothing melody within them. The cathedral tower is appallingly close to the hotel back; and on its summit are two dreadful beings of metal, who clash cymbals and do much more of the same kind of thing every fifteen minutes. Still, it is encouraging to know that my countrymen frequent a hotel of so religious a character. An open Bible is sculptured in stone over the portal, and the waiters seem to me to speak with Scriptural solemnity. The hotel porter has patriarchal manners, and the cook has a great idea of cooking a sole. I do not, in short, wonder that my countrymen have a fondness for the Old Bible.

This first winter's night in Holland was charmingly cold. I broke the bottom of my water-bottle in trying to detach it from the marble slab, to which it had frozen affectionately. I wish I could add that the liberated fluid itself froze as soon as it spilled, but that is a touch truth compels me to deny myself.

Amsterdam under frost is not lacking in picturesqueness. How should that be when one knows that there are about as many canals as streets to the city? It was very diverting to see the little boys and girls skating to school, and colliding with aggressive butcher-boys having meat-trays on their heads. The rosy color of the cheeks of the Amsterdam young ladies, as they too sped up and down the more select canals (swept, and furnished with chairs for their sweet service), also proved a feature of attraction I had hardly dared to hope for. I grieve from the heart to add that, as a rule, the chief charm of these damsels consisted in their youth, and the dexterity with which they moved their feet. These latter might have been smaller; but they were, no doubt, designed not to put out of countenance the irregular noses and very large ears which seem a characteristic of Dutch maidens and Dutch matrons alike. I imagine, however, that their hearts are built to the standard of their bodies which may well atone for any external deficiency of comeliness.

The famous harbor of the capital was, of course, clogged "to the rimes." Looking over its spacious waterway, whether towards the Zuyder Zee or Zaandam, the prevalent stillness of the big steamers which studded it was very remarkable. Some of them snorted now and then, as if to proclaim their disgust with the frost; but it was futile rebellion. The icy wind was adding decimals of an inch to the thickness of the harbor's jacket every minute. It soon strung my moustache with icicles when I essayed to speed towards Zaandam — that celebrated village where Peter the Great put on the masquerade of a mechanic.

It brought tears into the eyes to skate against the wind in the direction of Zaandam; and though the distance is but seven miles, an hour was none too much for it. The low banks of the river were simply no protection. Its regiments of wind-mills might, had they been amassed, have served as a fine, if limited, stockade. But set along the reedy shores one by one, like sentinels, they were only haunting irrita-

tions. The whirl of their sails seemed to get at the brain by way of the salt wind, and to make one's ideas and thoughts whirl in sympathy.

There was an ice-carnival at Zaandam — as everywhere else in Holland, and apparently upon every day in the week. The little town swarmed with Amsterdamers who had skated over. Its chief hotel, by the harbor-side, fumed with red beefsteaks (*à l'Anglaise*, as they conceived it); and young men and maidens sat side by side at their sanguinary repasts, their feet still studded with the beloved curves. The demand for *bocks* was incessant. Outside, too, the excitement was immense. Banners fluttered from Venetian masts, and energetic gentlemen were conducting the heats of racing competitors — the candidates being stolid fat boys, who, when they stumbled and fell, bounced afresh into perpendicularity as if they were things of india-rubber.

Peter the Great's house is not much to see. It is a mere hut in a back street. The inscription on it, "Nothing is too small for the great man," ought to be a huge comfort to conscientious tailors. One fancies that the opposite maxim, "Nothing is too great for the small man," has had quite its share of verification in the history of the world. The green, wooden villas of the little town, with their quaint names ("Refreshment," "Leisure," "Happiness," and the like), interest more than Peter the Great's house. And the subtle eyes of certain ladies within the villas, who sat at their windows with their thoughts upon the passers-by, were more suggestive than aught else in Zaandam. The Dutch wife has, I should think, the smartest arrangement of outside mirrors to minister to her curiosity of any other kind of European spouse.

The return to Amsterdam, with the wind three points out of four behind, was lovely. It was now that I perceived why the stumpy little Dutch boys wore such very roomy trousers. The rascals used them as sails, and a pretty figure of fun they were as they scudded at about fifteen miles an hour, with their hands to their unmentionables, but never a smirk on their faces. There's no boy in all creation so engagingly in grim earnest as the Dutch boy. I imagine as soon as he can read he takes very much to heart the sober but encouraging messages of the moral copybook. Whatever he does, he means it to be well done. That makes him the most fascinating absurdity to be

found anywhere. If he does not die an East India millionaire or a leading butter merchant, it will not be his fault.

But one must not stay in Amsterdam to get the true flavor of a Dutch winter. The snow and the ice alike there soon acquire the conventional grimy hue we know so well. The people, too, though with a strong individuality, have a touch of cosmopolitanism in their manners which is commonplace. The thing to do, therefore, is to skate right away to Friesland—the home, say the Frieslanders, of the cleverest skaters in the world. It is an innocent little brag, and they may well be forgiven for it. But after the winter of 1890-1 they will be fain to remember the names of Donoghue and Smart, the American and the Fenman who crossed the Channel to cut the combs of their choicest professionals. The Frieslanders seemed really quite at a loss for language (strong language) adequate enough to express their amazement, with Donoghue in particular, when in December, 1890, at Heerenveen, he gave them an exhibition of his craft. It was only after two or three glasses of gin that they could rise fully to the occasion.

For my part I travelled north by train, and learned to my cost how bad are the cheap cigars with which the average Dutchman is content to regale himself. The nearer we got to Leeuwarden (Friesland's capital), the worse grew the cigars, or I fancied it. And as no one dreamed of admitting even an eyelet of the outer air into the car, and there were just seven cigars going all the way, the state of the atmosphere inside may be imagined.

The conversation *en route* from Gelderland was scrupulously local—in other words, it centred on ice and icemen. I charmed my companions by giving them my Sheffield skates to serve as a text for their further remarks. These articles were evidently as acceptable a topic to them as is Mr. Gladstone to the travelling Briton in our own little island.

Leeuwarden is a bright little red-bricked town having a good many pleasant houses with graduated façades. For the man who wants butter or beasts it may be regarded as an earthly paradise. The number of the latter and the pounds of the former here sold in public market per annum are astounding. The sleek butter and beast merchants themselves inhabit assuming villas in a quarter of their own, and from the outside, even in winter, the glimpses of the tropical plants and nicknacks of their villas were very alluring.

As it happened, I was in Friesland when the great international skating contest was about to be brought off at Heerenveen, some miles south. It was due to this that the *table d'hôte* was so very crowded. One evening I found myself sandwiched between a skating champion and a correspondent for the *Field*. The worthy master of the hotel carved in state at the head of the table, and counted his guests with evident satisfaction. In my ignorance I had fancied Friesland might prove a trifle barbarous in matters gastronomic. But at Leeuwarden it was not so. True, with the roast mutton they served roast chestnuts in a butterboat; the beefsteaks were almost as crude as those Bruce of Abyssinia ate cut from the living cow; stewed pears accompanied boiled fowl; and the pudding seemed built upon a basis of liquorice. These, however, are trivial eccentricities, and I gladly proclaim that it is impossible to starve in the land.

In the villages whither I sped on skates things were naturally at a less luxurious pitch. But bread-and-cheese and gingerbread were never lacking at the little canal-side inns; and of the national *schnapps* there seemed no end. One does not in England like to think of acquiring the habit of tossing off a thimbleful of neat gin every hour or so. Yet that is what I did, the gin-selling woman generally standing by with her red hands on her yielding sides and a dim, Dutch sort of menacing expression on her face the while. The genial cold and the brisk exercise fostered the appetite for strong drink, and were, of course, a bar to the likelihood of intoxication.

The days were the same, one after the other. A frost of some five-and-twenty degrees during the night. At half past eight the waiter entered my bedroom with a jug of hot water, wherewith to thaw the ice of the wash-hand basin. At nine a crowd of hungry, vigorous gentlemen trifled lustily with the rolls and cheese, the butter, sausages, and raw ham which adorned the breakfast-table. While they ate they quarrelled over the newspaper reports of the latest skating competition, and protested one against another that, under fair conditions, they could severally beat the various champions. By half past nine or earlier I was at the canal-side, either sitting on a chair hired for a farthing, or the gunwale of an imprisoned boat, and boring my boots in the presence of rosy-cheeked boys and girls and phlegmatic old folks who did not spare their tongues. Then off and away under the

clear blue sky, across the miles of flat country, with nothing in sight but fields of snow and windmills — with, perhaps, the shining vane of a saddle-backed or spired church here and there in the distance. It depended upon times and seasons whether or no I had the canal much to myself. On a Leeuwarden market-day it was by no means so. All sorts of traffic was then brought into the town by way of the ice. It became quite annoying. Strings of round-faced maidens, their heads a-glitter with the silver skull-caps fashion tyrannically puts on them, and all with their mouths extended in paroxysms of laughter; followed by strings of stalwart youths in black coats and fur caps, and with their eyes fast riveted upon the lithe forms and agile ankles of the girls in front — these were not at all objectionable passengers. But when it came to huge trollies laden with sheep, or calves, or furniture, or cheese, and being pushed by a couple of broad-backed peasants as if their lives depended upon a pace of a mile in five minutes, then one felt disposed to be vexed. The vans cut deep ruts in the ice, and altogether interfered with the ease and security of one's own speed. Yet it was impossible long to suffer irritation in this invigorating air. And so the villages ran by, and a twenty-mile run was merely a whet for the enjoyment of gin and a cigar in the interval; one of my table companions at Leeuwarden was wont to run five-and-twenty miles before breakfast; but he showed exceptional energy.

Soon, however, the golden sun glided beneath the horizon-line, and the intenser cold of night came on. You would suppose that this was the time to be hermetically sealed within doors, or to be devoted to *table d'hôte* toils. But it was by no means exclusively so. Some of the runs that stay in my memory with the vividest glamour of romance upon them are those I made in the strong, clear light of moon and stars. One Sunday evening I remember in particular, between Groningen and Assen. There had been a festival of some kind in Assen, and troops of men and maids came against me. But somehow we never collided. The ice was superb; there was no wind. The feet seemed to go for miles without an effort. Thus it went on for an hour, with the occasional dip under a bridge, but no cessation of these speeding companies. The snow-bound landscapes were held in a steely glow with a faint, iridescent purple over them; and the silver headgear of the maid-

ens (who sang hymns and much else to the sliding of their feet) caught the moonlight at a distance, and banded it from side to side with the frolicsomeness of fairies in a witching dell.

Nor was Leeuwarden itself without picturesqueness after dark. The stiff figures of little boys could be seen moving up and down the frozen courses. From the green cabins of the heavy boats, fast clasped in the ice, lights and voices proceeded. It was nothing to the hardy Dutchman and his brood that they were eating their supper, and afterwards to sleep in the heart of an iceberg. On either side of the chief waterways the trim outline of the snipped trees was marked with white tricking of hoar-frost. High behind the houses with the step-wise fronts a fat spire might be seen mounting like a black giant towards the pellucid stars. The chiming of bells now and again broke over the canals, the snow-bound open spaces, and the red house-fronts. One could fancy it came from the stars themselves.

Of the three provinces of Friesland, Groningen, and Drenthe, through which I skated, I think the last, which in the United Kingdom is reputed the poorest, pleased me most. Not that it could boast of much in the way of scenery. But its far-extending heaths and its comparative loneliness gave one the impression of being in a world apart from the work-a-day world. For miles I held converse with no human being, nor saw signs of one. A lovely, violet haze hung over the snow upon the russet heather. An occasional raven or a couple of magpies plucking dolefully at the straw-colored reeds by the canal banks were the only living creatures of any kind in sight.

I confess I did not make this little tour with any idea of acquiring knowledge by the way. But the mind will pick up crumbs of that sort despite the best endeavors to gag and blind it. I learnt thus involuntarily that in impoverished Drenthe, if you wish to show yourself a man *comme il faut*, and accomplished in the ways of the town, you must ask for your gin as "the gentleman" or "the Englishman." It does not seem much of a compliment to incarnate this noxious spirit in a person of my nationality. But I am convinced there is more of compliment than insult in the whim. "An English future" is another phrase which in the northern provinces implies all manner of good things. To send a married couple from the altar with such a blessing upon their

heads is equivalent to wishing them the best of good-fortune in this world—and I hope the next also.

Indeed, it is odd to find how the Frieslanders seem "to cotton" to us rather than to the orthodox Dutchman of the south. Their own dialect has more affinity with our speech than has classical Dutch; and it is a common tale that the English East-countrymen can make themselves sufficiently understood in Friesland without the least acquaintance with Dutch grammar and dictionaries. It is an agreeable proof that this home of our forefathers even yet keeps a warm nook of recognition in its heart for us.

More than once, in conversation with these Northerners, I was startled by the extremely bitter way in which they signified their distaste for their neighbor, Germany. I dare say our diplomatists in Parliament Street do not think it worth while to trouble themselves about the notions, sentimental or otherwise, of these broad-shouldered fellows. It is just possible, too, that in Berlin their animosity is not felt as an intolerable burden. But there can be little doubt of its intensity. The old passion for independence still exists in Friesland and Groningen. The men talk of going to Holland when they go to Amsterdam; it hurts their pride to remind them that we outsiders consider them as much a part of Holland as Rotterdam or Haarlem. Some day they mean to be other than they are. It seems a little ridiculous to hint at an eventual division of so infinitesimal a kingdom as that of Holland; but the idea is fostered in many minds by no means unhinged by the mischievous levers of anarchy and injudicious socialism. As for neighbor Germany, if the emperor William should in the near future attempt to stretch his borders to the Zuyder Zee, I am told the dykes will be down long ere his soldiers can get a day's march beyond the Ems. The northern provinces breed men of impressive patriotism, and they will stand no nonsense from any one except their own dear burgo-masters.

But a subject of such gravity must not be allowed to interfere with one's winter pastime in Holland. When one's skates are on, it is much more to the point that the frost shall hold than that by and by Friesland may become a republic. And hold it did famously during the memorable winter of 1890-1, even as it then began much earlier than usual. And so I skated from the capital of one province to the

capital of the next, until I reached Zwölle, where it behoved me to take the train and hurry back to England.

I had not even time in Zwölle to inspect (though it might not have been possible) the half-skeleton of Thomas à Kempis which is preserved in the church of the town. It was exhumed in 1472 from the monastery in the neighborhood, where the immortal author of the "Imitation" lived more than threescore placid years of the ninety-two he passed upon the earth.

Nowhere in Holland are the villas more pretty, in a doll's-house way, than here at Zwölle. Even as I saw them, with their little ponds and fountains all congealed, and snow deep among the shrubs and trees no taller than my shoulder, and piled high on the heads of the stucco statues of nymphs and goddesses set among the little trees and shrubs, there was something very attractive about them. But in summer they must be surpassingly seductive. Then the dear Dutch wife will drink her tea in the doll's arbor between the pond and the palings of the highroad, and there she will receive her guests with self-conscious pride but ready courtesy. It must on a moonlight night be an awkward place for billing and cooing, unless the rest of the world agree to keep themselves asleep. And even then the white statues only an arm's length away cannot but have a disturbing influence, and the pond, with its ducks and one swan, is so near that there is menace of drowning in its uncanny glitter.

The Dutch are all incongruous people. I was convinced of it when on the Flushing boat a gentleman from Arnhem complained of the confusing politeness of English manners.

From The Leisure Hour.

A FLOATING REPUBLIC.

PART II.

PASSING over some of the minor leaders of the Brethren of the Coast, we come to one who is certainly entitled to the honor (if honor it can be called) of being designated the "King of the Buccaneers." Henry Morgan was the son of a Welsh farmer, and was originally a common sailor on board a merchantman. Arriving at Jamaica he found a Buccaneer of the name of Mansfield on the point of sailing, and at once volunteered for service. He soon

distinguished himself by his brilliant exploits, and on the death of Mansfield was elected captain.

After several successful cruises, Morgan found himself in command of a fleet of twelve ships of various tonnage and some seven hundred men. He now ventured to extend his operations, and resolved to make an attempt on Puerto de Principe, in Cuba. This city, being situated some distance from the coast, had as yet escaped a visit from the freebooters. On this occasion a deserter from the Buccaneers gave the governor timely warning of their intentions, and he hastily put himself at the head of eight hundred men, and marched out to meet them. A desperate struggle ensued, but after four hours' fighting, the freebooters were victorious. The city held out for some time longer, but at last surrendered. To their chagrin the Buccaneers found most of the treasure had been carried off to places of safety, and despite their threats and cruelties they had to leave with an insignificant amount of spoil. Disgusted with the results of their victory they then took to quarrelling among themselves.

A Frenchman was killed by an Englishman, and a bitter feud arose between the two nationalities. Morgan succeeded in patching up a peace for the time being, but, shortly after this, the French Buccaneers left Morgan and chose a chief of their own country.

The English Buccaneers, now left to themselves, became more consolidated, and Morgan soon was at the head of a force of nearly five hundred men, with nine ships.

He now considered himself able for another expedition, this time on the mainland. Porto Bello, a rich city on the Isthmus of Panama, was the place he intended to plunder. Considered by the Spaniards to be one of their most important cities, it was a great centre for the accumulation of precious metals from the surrounding provinces, and next to Havannah it was reckoned the strongest of all the Spanish towns in America. The forts of St. James and St. Philip defended the entrance to the port, which was considered impregnable.

Morgan kept his intentions secret until he had sailed, but when he informed them of his project, the most intrepid of his men declared it impossible of success. Morgan addressed them, and succeeded in arousing their ardor and cupidity by his description of the glory and enormous

booty to be obtained. They agreed to make the attempt.

Spain at this time was at peace with all the European powers, but the Buccaneers repudiated all treaties, and carried on their war with the Spaniards without cessation.

Under cover of the night the Buccaneers effected a landing and made a fierce attack on the first of the forts. To intimidate the defenders they vowed to cut every one to pieces if they did not surrender; but the garrison refused, and made a brave resistance. Success, however, declared for the assailants, and the fort was carried. Morgan carried out his threat, and blew up the fort with its courageous defenders. The second fort was even harder to take. The first attack of the freebooters was repelled after a struggle of six hours' duration. Again and again they renewed the assault, and at last succeeded in scaling the walls. The governor, though offered his life, refused to surrender, and was slain with most of his troops, who were all picked men, and Morgan found himself in possession of the two forts hitherto deemed impregnable, and the city at his mercy. This, be it noted, was accomplished with a force of four hundred men without artillery. It is said the Buccaneers forced the inmates of an adjoining convent to carry their scaling ladders, and plant them against the walls in the face of the destructive fire of their countrymen.

For fifteen days the city was given up to plunder, and the Buccaneers committed terrible excesses on the wretched inhabitants.

Morgan, meanwhile, despatched a message to the governor of Panama, demanding a ransom of one hundred thousand piastres, under pain of the city's total destruction and the massacre of the people. This was reluctantly paid, and the rovers departed. Having expressed some curiosity as to the weapons with which the Buccaneers performed such doughty deeds, Morgan sent the governor a pistol with a few bullets and the following message: "Tell the governor to kindly accept this small specimen of the arms with which I have conquered Porto Bello; in a year I promise to come myself to Panama, and show him how to use it!"

The Buccaneers then left Porto Bello, taking with them the best of the guns in the forts and spiking the rest. On their arrival at Cuba they examined their plunder, which, not including a vast quantity of jewellery and other valuables, amounted to the sum of two hundred and fifty thou-

sand piastres. They then proceeded to Jamaica, where, as usual, their hard-earned gains were quickly dissipated.

Morgan's next attempt was on the city of Maracaibo, which, as before related, had been sacked by Olonnois three years previously. The town fell an easy prey to the Buccaneers, but little booty was obtained, most of the articles of value having been secreted in time. Three weeks were spent in riot and excess, and then Morgan departed for Gibraltar, which also surrendered after a short resistance. The usual scenes of carnage and plunder were repeated here with additional horrors, and, after a terrible six weeks, they returned to Maracaibo. Here the Buccaneers met with an unexpected surprise. Three large Spanish ships-of-war had arrived during their absence, and now completely blocked their exit from the lake. The largest Buccaneer vessel only carried fourteen small guns, while their adversaries had forty, thirty-eight, and twenty-four respectively. The fort at the entrance was also repaired and strongly garrisoned. The freebooters were now in despair, their chief alone retaining his courage and bravado. He coolly sent a message to the Spanish admiral demanding a ransom of twenty thousand piastres for the deliverance of the city and his captives. Slightly disconcerted at Morgan's audacity, the admiral promised to let the Buccaneers depart without molestation, provided they surrendered their prisoners and all their booty. This, however, the Buccaneers refused to agree to, preferring to fight their way out to disgorging their plunder.

Several days passed in further negotiations, during which time Morgan was busy with his preparations for action. One of his largest vessels he converted into a fire-ship, loading it with powder, pitch, and various other combustibles, and one morning at dawn they set out on their desperate attempt.

The admiral's ship was in the centre of the passage, and towards it the fire-ship was directed, having on board a few of the most reckless of the rovers. A few cannon-shot would have easily sunk it, but the Spaniards, taking it for Morgan's own ship, and expecting it was the latter's intention to try to board, reserved their fire to the last. It was a fatal error; by the time they discovered their mistake the fire-ship was alongside, and at once burst into flames, the few men on board escaping in the confusion in their boat. The flames speedily communicated to the

Spanish ship, and spread with so great rapidity that she soon sank, the admiral and a few others alone reaching the shore. The second ship was beset by the Buccaneer fleet and taken by boarding, upon seeing which those on board the other Spaniard cut their cables and made for the shore. Here they scuttled their ship and fled to the fort for refuge. This remarkable victory of the Buccaneers is said to have been accomplished in the short space of one hour.

One would think they would now have been content with obtaining such an easy and brilliant success, but, elated with their victory, the freebooters at once attempted to carry the fort by assault. They had bitter reason to regret their folly, for they were repulsed, with the loss of thirty men slain and forty wounded. However, the fort still commanded their exit to the ocean, and Morgan again negotiated for a free departure. These efforts, as before, ended in failure, and his inventive genius had again to be called into requisition.

He had several hundred of his men conveyed openly in boats to the land side of the fort, where they were concealed among the reeds and bushes. One by one they soon crept back to their boats, and, lying down flat, the boats (apparently empty) were rowed back again. This manœuvre was repeated several times, and the commander of the fort expected at night a strong attack from the land side, and had nearly all his guns removed to that side to be in readiness. This was exactly what Morgan had counted on, and, when night fell, the Buccaneers lifted their anchors and silently drifted down with the current. The Spaniards only discovered the manœuvre when they were close at hand, and by the time they could get their guns again into position it was too late. Favored by both wind and tide the Buccaneers were soon out of range, having sustained very little damage. But their difficulties were not yet over. Scarcely had they reached the open sea when they encountered a terrible tempest, which raged without intermission for four days. With ships considerably damaged in their late battles, and leaking at a great rate, they found themselves in a sad fix. Seemingly they had only the prospect of a watery grave before them, or the dread alternative of being driven ashore on an enemy's coast where they could look for no mercy.

When at last the hurricane blew itself out, a fresh danger appeared in the shape of a fleet of six ships, to whom, if enemies,

they would have certainly fallen an easy prey in their disabled condition. To their great joy, however, they proved to be a French squadron, who gave them all the assistance in their power, and they then succeeded in reaching headquarters without further adventure.

Having amassed a large fortune by the success of his enterprises, Morgan was now desirous of retiring and enjoying his hard-won wealth. Not so, however, with his comrades. Having spent their shares, they besought him to once more lead them against the Spaniards, and at last he yielded to their request. No sooner was this made known than the Buccaneers flocked from every quarter to join his flag. Ships, arms, and men were soon ready; but provisions for such a great number were not so easily obtained. Accordingly a minor expedition was despatched, consisting of four ships and four hundred men, to scour the coasts and procure grain and other provisions. After considerable delay they returned with abundant supplies, and the expedition sailed. This was by far the largest force that had ever been under the command of one freebooter. No less than thirty-seven vessels of various tonnage comprised the fleet, and it was manned by upwards of twenty-two hundred men. To give an air of legality to his proceedings, Morgan had the audacity to hoist on his mainmast the royal flag of England, and assumed the title of admiral. He divided his fleet into squadrons, appointed his vice-admirals, and even issued letters of marque in the name of "his master the king of England."

After sailing, Morgan revealed the object of the expedition, which was nothing less than the capture of the wealthy city of Panama. The difficulties in the way of a successful issue were tremendous, but the certainty of an immense booty was sufficient to induce the Buccaneers to make the attempt. Besides its great distance from the eastern coast, being situated on the Pacific side of the isthmus, Panama was certain to be strongly defended, and not one of the expedition was acquainted with the proper road to take. Morgan's first lookout, then, was to procure trustworthy guides. For this purpose he proceeded to the island of St. Catherine, a penal settlement of the Spaniards, where he anticipated obtaining guides from among the prisoners. His plan was in every way successful. The garrison capitulated, the stores and ammunition were conveyed on board the

fleet, and three of the prisoners selected as guides. These latter served him faithfully, and on their return to Jamaica they were set at liberty, and even amply rewarded.

Panama at this date — 1670 — was one of the largest and richest cities in Spanish America. It contained between two and three thousand houses (many of stone), and was defended by walls and ramparts.

It was the great depôt for the mineral wealth of both Americas. The gold of Peru and the silver of Mexico all were brought to this city, and a very large trade was carried on in negro slaves and the various products of the New World.

To insure the success of his vast project, it was necessary Morgan should obtain possession of the fort of St. Laurent, which commanded the entrance to the river Chagres. He therefore despatched one of his most intrepid captains, Brodely by name, with four hundred men, to attack this stronghold; he himself, with the rest of the expedition, remaining at St. Catherine. His idea was to hide, as long as possible, the real object of his expedition, until he saw everything clear for his bold attempt.

Brodely was successful in taking the fort, but at considerable cost of life, having lost one hundred and sixty killed, and eighty wounded. The Spaniards lost about three hundred men, which shows the great determination with which they defended themselves, and also serves to show the desperate feat performed by the assailants.

When Morgan and the rest of the fleet arrived at Chagres, and beheld the English flag flying on the fort, their joy was boundless. In their excitement they grew careless, and ran several of their ships aground, four of which were totally lost, one of them being Morgan's own vessel.

The crews were saved, however, and Morgan at once proceeded with the preparations for his advance inland. Five hundred men were left to garrison Fort St. Laurent, one hundred and fifty despatched to seize some Spanish ships in the river, and the remainder composed the expedition proper.

At length, on January 18th, Morgan began his celebrated march at the head of thirteen hundred men. The first part of the journey was by water. Five boats contained the artillery, and the Buccaneers were closely packed into thirty-two other boats and canoes.

After two days' journeying up the river, they were forced to leave their boats and

take to the forest. Expecting to get plenty of food *en route*, they had taken only scanty supplies with them. These were by this time exhausted, and the pangs of hunger began to be felt. The inhabitants fled at their approach, after destroying everything they could not take with them.

On the fourth day they reached a small fort, which had been evacuated and everything eatable destroyed. The Buccaneers were now literally starving, and were compelled to appease their hunger with some raw hides they happened to discover. One of their chroniclers remarks: "It is quite possible to live on this fare, but one is not likely to grow fat!" Barbacoa was reached on the fifth day, and here they found two large sacks of flour and two casks of wine. This among so many would have been a mere mouthful, so Morgan refused to have any for his own use, and caused it to be distributed amongst the weakest members of his force. The sixth day very little progress was made, numbers were totally exhausted, being reduced to eating the leaves of certain trees. At last they came to a plantation which was newly abandoned, and to their intense delight found the granary full of maize; many would not wait for it to be cooked, but devoured it raw. When this supply was exhausted, and famine again stared them in the face, numbers lost courage, and cursing Morgan and his rash enterprise, demanded to be led back. The majority, however, vowed they would rather perish than desert their project after all the trials endured. Next day they crossed the river to a small town, which they found quite deserted, the only inhabitants being a few cats and dogs, which were at once killed and eaten. A considerable quantity of Peruvian wine was also found, however, which was speedily consumed: Nearly all who partook of this were suddenly seized with illness, and they at once concluded the wine was poisoned. It was luckily only the effects of the strong liquor on their enfeebled constitutions, and next day they were all right again.

Up to this time several of the boats and canoes had managed to accompany the expedition, though the difficulties of navigating the river were many; but now they could proceed no farther. Accordingly they were all sent back, with some sixty invalids, one boat alone being retained to carry news to the fleet if necessary. The enemy began now to harass them on their march, several stragglers being cut off.

An advanced guard of two hundred men was formed to watch the enemy, and the expedition proceeded. On the eighth day they were opposed by a band of hostile Indians in a narrow pass; here it might have gone hard with the Buccaneers, had they not had the good fortune to kill the chief of the Indians, when the rest fled. The ninth day found them in an open plain, deluged by torrents of rain which soaked their ammunition, so that, had they been attacked, they could have offered little resistance. At noon they ascended a hill from which they got their first glimpse of the South Sea. This revived their drooping spirits, and what was still more satisfactory, they discovered a great number of cattle and various beasts of burden feeding in the plain beneath them. The keepers fled at their approach, and the Buccaneers revelled that night in abundance.

Still they were in ignorance of their distance from their goal, when suddenly, from the summit of an eminence, they beheld the long-looked-for towers of Panama. Great were the rejoicings now indulged in; all their miseries were forgotten, and they resolved to attack the city the very next day. The Spaniards, meanwhile, were in a state of intense confusion. Several parties of troops, mounted and on foot, were sent out to reconnoitre, but did not dare to attack their dreaded foes. The night passed in peace; the freebooters recruited their strength on the plentiful supply of fresh meat they had obtained, and slept without molestation.

Next day (January 27th, 1671), Morgan marshalled his forces, in all about eleven hundred men, and advanced on the city. The Spaniards had strong batteries thrown up defending the highway, but by direction of one of their guides the Buccaneers left the main road and proceeded through a wood, thus completely outflanking their opponents. In two hours' time they came in sight of the Spanish forces drawn up to dispute their passage. The president of the country was himself in command, and his army consisted of four regiments of the line, numbering about two thousand men, twenty-four hundred irregular troops, four hundred horsemen, and a great number of wild bulls under the care of several hundred Indians and negroes. When Morgan's Buccaneers saw this immense army their spirits sank; but being soon convinced they must either conquer or die, they braced themselves up for the inevitable.

Dividing his forces into three compa-

nies, Morgan placed two hundred picked marksmen in front, and advanced with cheers against the foe. The Spanish cavalry at once were ordered to charge, and the wild bulls at the same time let loose and urged among the freebooters.

The latter stratagem, however, was a complete failure, the bulls causing more confusion among the Spanish ranks than in those of their enemies. The cavalry became entangled in marshy ground, and the Buccaneer marksmen kept up so deadly a fire that nearly all were soon *hors de combat*. These successes encouraged the freebooters, and they advanced against the Spanish troops with increased vigor and determination. The latter still defended themselves with great courage, but all in vain; in two hours' time the battle was decided, the Spaniards in full flight, and Morgan master of the field. Six hundred Spaniards were slain, besides numbers wounded and taken prisoners. The most of the latter were shot down, including several Franciscan monks who had come out to attend to the wounded and dying.

But the Buccaneers' triumph was not yet complete by any means. Panama had still to be taken, and, enfeebled though they were by their severe losses in the late fight, they at once took measures for the assault. The more delay in the attempt, the more time for the defenders to recover their courage and increase their defences. The assault was therefore made the same day, and at the end of three hours Morgan and his victorious comrades were in possession of the coveted prize!

The work of pillage and rapine then began. Great quantities of valuable merchandise were found in the city, but the chief of the inhabitants had left with their families and portable riches in a large ship for the neighboring island of Taroga. Still, however, a considerable amount of plunder was obtained by the Buccaneers, who ransacked every house in the city. A great calamity now occurred, being no less than the almost total destruction of the city by fire. It is stated the conflagration was kindled by Morgan's own orders, but for what reason remains a mystery. Morgan now despatched a body of men to Chagres, to acquaint those there of his victory. He also manned a ship and sent it out to cruise for prizes, and in particular to try to capture the galleon having on board the rich inhabitants and their treasures. Several ships were taken, but the galleon escaped, though actually in sight at one time; but the Buccaneers were so inca-

pacitated by drunken excesses, that they were unable to attempt her capture. This was a great disappointment, as the galleon would have fallen an easy prey. Meantime strong parties scoured the surrounding country, and brought in many prisoners and large sums of treasure. The prisoners were tortured as usual, and the scenes of rapine and outrage in the city were dreadful.

After three weeks had elapsed, Morgan began to think of retreating. Many of his men were showing signs of discontent, and there was always the danger of the Spaniards rallying and attacking his greatly diminished force.

The booty, consisting almost entirely of gold, silver, and precious stones, was packed on the backs of one hundred and seventy-five animals. Six hundred prisoners were forced to march on foot, being retained in hopes of ransom. Many succeeded in raising enough to buy their freedom, but the greater number failed and had to continue their forced journey. At length they reached Chagres, where they found all well, though many wounded had died from want of proper attention. Here Morgan embarked his prisoners in a ship which he sent to Porto Bello, demanding an immense ransom, or, in the event of a refusal, threatening the destruction of the city. His terms were contemptuously refused, and Morgan immediately carried his threat into effect. The town was again taken, plundered, and set on fire. The amount of plunder taken in this memorable enterprise is calculated at the enormous sum of *eight hundred thousand pounds sterling*.

The division of the booty was now the next proceeding, as the object of the expedition had been accomplished. This division was the cause of great dissatisfaction. Morgan set apart a great many of the most precious articles for his own use, and every one was disappointed with his share. Open charges of robbery and dishonesty were made against Morgan, and a mutiny seemed imminent, when he secretly set sail with three of his captains who were art and part in his misdeeds. The Buccaneers left behind were furious, and would have pursued their late commander, only they were totally wanting in almost every necessary. They were forced to support themselves by pillaging the surrounding coasts, and it was only after innumerable difficulties that they succeeded in reaching Jamaica. So ended the famous conquest of Panama, an expedition unequalled for audacity among all the wonderful ex-

plots of the Buccaneers, and one which filled the world with amazement and admiration at the daring of the men who could carry such a desperate attempt to a triumphant termination.

Morgan's plan was to fortify the island of St. Catherine and make it the headquarters of the freebooters, and his arrangements were all made, when an English man-of-war arrived with despatches which completely upset his project. The Buccaneers were denounced as "bloodthirsty and plundering rascals," and stringent measures ordered to be taken against their using any of the English possessions as places of rendezvous. Morgan now abandoned all his ideas of further enterprises, and settled at Jamaica, where he was appointed to a high government office, and even knighted. In his new sphere he enjoyed in security his ill-gotten wealth, and is even said to have been very hard on any of his old companions who came within the clutches of the law.

It is believed he was eventually recalled, and imprisoned in the Tower of London, where he died.

Captains Sawkins and Sharp were two other Buccaneer chieftains who made a famous record for themselves. With three hundred men they landed on the coast of Darien, and after a toilsome journey of twelve days, succeeded in crossing the isthmus. Here they managed to secure ships, and had the intention of again attempting the capture of the city of Panama, but found themselves too few in numbers to hope for success. For a considerable time they cruised about in the Pacific, capturing many ships and also attempting the capture of several coast towns. In these latter enterprises, however, they were not so fortunate, their numbers being quite inadequate to the magnitude of their operations. In one of these assaults Captain Sawkins was killed, and Sharp became commander-in-chief. A vote was then taken whether they would return over the isthmus to the West Indies, or continue in the Pacific, accumulating booty, and return by the Straits of Magellan by sea. The most of the Buccaneers adopted the latter plan, but sixty-three resolved to return overland, and separated from the others accordingly.

Captain Sharp and those who remained with him cruised along the South American coasts in two ships with varying success. At last the Buccaneers, for some reason or other, deposed Sharp and elected one of their number named Watling as their leader. Shortly afterwards Watling

was killed in an unsuccessful attack on the town of Arica, and Captain Sharp reinstated as chief. It was now apparent that, owing to their numbers being so small, they could not hope for any great successes, so it was resolved to sail for home. Furious tempests beset them, and they were driven south towards the antarctic polar regions, and far out of their proper course. Eventually they succeeded in regaining their old haunts in the West Indies, when they dispersed.

Several other Buccaneer captains were more or less famous for their exploits, but towards the close of the seventeenth century a change came over the character of the Brotherhood. No longer enjoying the protection of the English and French nations, their spheres of plunder were greatly circumscribed. Many still continued their attacks on the Spanish possessions, but, finding their old ports of call closed to them, had difficulty in disposing of their booty and getting fresh supplies for further raids. Finding their occupation gone in their old haunts, the Pacific became their favorite hunting ground, and here for many years isolated bands of Buccaneers continued their desperate modes of life with impunity. Gradually, however, the old association of the Brethren of the Coast became broken up, and, though retaining the old names of Buccaneers and Freebooters, they were in reality no longer members of the famous association, and, indeed, were little better than common pirates. Spain being at peace with other European nations, they had no excuse for their depredations, and stringent measures were adopted for their suppression. The love of a lawless life was, however, so deeply engrafted in the hearts of many, that, despite the great risks run, they insisted on continuing their plundering proclivities. Instead of, as heretofore, directing their efforts against the Spaniards, they now turned their arms against all nations, and so became liable to the fate of the common pirate. Among the most famous of these new sea-robbers may be mentioned Bowen, Kidd, Avery, England, Davis, etc., and, strange as it may appear, two women, Mary Read and Ann Bonny. Being driven from the English possessions they were forced to ask (and actually received) protection from their old foes the Spaniards, and for some time made the island of Cuba their headquarters. This did not last long, however, and every hand being turned against them, they were nearly all hunted down, and great numbers executed.

Those who escaped dispersed themselves over the globe, plundering indiscriminately, and in many instances murdering the crews of all ships they were able to take. It is satisfactory to know that most of them ultimately fell into the grasp of justice, and the worst of them met their deserts at the hands of the common hangman.

So ended the celebrated Floating Republic of the Brethren of the Coast; its origin was the result of a comparatively trifling error on the part of the Spanish authorities; an error which was allowed to develop, and so cause the rise of an organization which proved a deadly foe to Spain, and inflicted incalculable injury on the Spanish supremacy in the New World.

The weak point of the Buccaneer community was the want of a head to direct its efforts into a fixed plan of procedure. The expeditions were fixed on and arranged very much by the force of circumstances, and without any combined scheme of operations against a common foe. Still, it is impossible to read the accounts by the old chroniclers of the prodigies of valor performed by these adventurers, and of their vast enterprises carried almost invariably to a successful issue in the face of unexampled difficulties, without feelings of wonder and admiration. There is also certain to be experienced a strong feeling of regret, to think that large bodies of men possessing such splendid capabilities for naval and military enterprise should not have had their talents directed into more legitimate channels. At the same time the instances of amazing bravery and bold enterprise are more than counterbalanced by the terrible accounts of useless bloodshed and rapine indulged in by the victors. It was an age of great crimes as well as great ideas, and the result amply testifies to the hard fact that the spirit of adventure when uncontrolled by law is certain to run to riotous excess and unrestrained passions. Such a condition of life is extremely unlikely to occur again, and although we may be somewhat dazzled by the glamour of the brute courage so conspicuously and invariably displayed, we must not forget that the prime motive for action was simply a base desire for wholesale spoliation and plundering, the proceeds of which were speedily squandered in gratifying the gross appetites and unbridled license of demoralized natures.

The Brethren of the Coast have left an enduring, though blood-red mark on the page of history. Despite their want of unity and other defects, they had, by their

existence at a critical period, a by no means inconsiderable share in shaping the destinies of the West Indies, and destroying the vast hold Spain had over the fairest portions of both North and South America.

The manners, laws, customs, and achievements of the Buccaneers form a most interesting study, well deserving of more attention than it would seem to have yet received. Their annals have all the excitement of romance coupled with the recommendation of verity, and in many respects hold a unique position among the records of the many stormy episodes in the world's history.

ROBERT ROBERTSON, F.S.A., SCOT.

From The Leisure Hour.

LITERARY COINCIDENCES.

THERE is no charge against a great author easier to make than the charge of plagiarism; there is none more difficult to prove. There have, no doubt, been unblushing plagiarists, thieves whose ill-gotten gains deceive no competent reader. But no work worthy the reading, and which retains a place in literature, has gained its reputation by false pretences. Every man of genius owes, no doubt, much to his predecessors; and the greater his power, the more able is he to make fruitful use of earlier writers. A poet, for example, is moved to sing himself by listening to other singers.

Cowley relates that by reading Spenser he became irrecoverably a poet, and there is scarcely an English poet since Spenser's time who has not acknowledged the largeness of his debt to the author of "The Faerie Queene." Not only did he stimulate the imagination as few poets have done, but he invented a new measure; and to the Spenserian stanza we are indebted for Thomson's "Castle of Indolence," and Byron's "Childe Harold." Yet this "poet of poets," as he has been truly called, gathered freely from every poetical field in the composition of his immortal allegory. He translated from Lucretius, he borrowed from Chaucer, as Chaucer borrowed from Boccaccio, he used with royal freedom the famous poem of Ariosto, he took his machinery from the popular legends about King Arthur; and yet "The Faerie Queene" is as remarkable for its originality as for its exhaustless beauty.

Shakespeare, too, in spite of his bound-

less imagination, rarely trusts to that alone, and puts historians as well as poets under contribution. In his "Julius Cæsar," for instance, it is remarkable with what scrupulous exactness he follows the main facts of Cæsar's history as it is told by Plutarch. Where the matter lies ready to his hand he never cares to invent, and his marvellous power is seen in the way in which commonplace incidents or prosaic narratives are changed by his magic into the splendor of poetry.

Literary parallels abound in Shakespeare, and that they are also common in Milton is known to every reader who has taken up an annotated edition of that poet. Open Todd's "Milton," or the exhaustive edition of Dr. Masson, and you will find that for illustration as well as for expression Milton resorts without scruple to the masters of Greek and Roman literature, to the Italian poets, to the "sage and serious" Spenser, and even—as Mr. Pattison has pointed out—to an obscure Dutch poet. Indeed, Milton's adaptations, if we may use that term, are frequent, but what he uses he assimilates and makes his own. It is Milton's majestic voice we hear throughout, never a mere echo.

In searching, then, for literary coincidences—and they are practically numberless—it is well to remember that they are always to be found even in the noblest literature, and that a man of genius, however original, is constantly and rightly indebted to those who have gone before him. It is possible, no doubt, to carry the search for coincidences too far, and to discover them where they do not exist; but there is ample scope for the critical reader without venturing even for a moment upon uncertain ground. All we can attempt to do here is to give some illustrations, chiefly from the poets and taken without any formal arrangement, of a subject that is as wide as literature itself.

Sir John Denham's "Cooper's Hill," once a popular poem, lives now, if it lives at all, on the reputation of four noble lines addressed to the Thames:—

O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme!
Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet
not dull;
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

There can be no question, as Dr. Johnson points out, that this poem, which won the high praise of Dryden, was the source of Pope's "Windsor Forest," in which, by the way, it is praised; and Mr. Gosse observes that the French poet Maynard, in

his poem "Alcippe," has precisely the same order of reflections as Denham in his "Cooper's Hill." "It would be exceedingly rash," he says, "to take for granted that Maynard ever heard of Denham, or *vice versa*; such a supposition, indeed, is extremely improbable, but the same ideas were common to both." Pope, too, modelled his "Dunciad" on Dryden's "MacFlecknoe," but it would be unjust on that account to accuse Pope of literary theft. The suggestion was due to Dryden, and so are some passages in the poem; but yet Pope's great satire cannot be said to add to its serious faults that of servile imitation.

Gray, Pope's most distinguished immediate successor in the kingly line of poets, has written what is probably the most popular poem in the language. The "Elegy" has been frequently imitated, but the copies are dead already, while the original is as full of life as it was a century ago. For the suggestion of this poem Gray, one of the most learned of poets, had not to turn to books. A walk on a summer evening through a rural village, and in a churchyard, where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep," might suggest all the imagery of that beautiful poem. But if Gray did not take his idea of the "Elegy" from any foreign source, it is evident that his choice of metre was in some degree determined by Sir John Davies's poem "Nosce Teipsum," from which copious notes are still preserved in Gray's handwriting. The heroic quatrain borrowed from the Latin elegiac had been also used by Dryden and Davenant, but Gray was the first to employ this impressive metre with a musical touch that is quite inimitable.

While we are among the eighteenth-century authors, it may be observed that although Swift is a thoroughly original writer, the critics have discovered several works to which, in their judgment, he is indebted. This, however, may not be the case. There is a living French novelist who, in some of his works, seems beyond question an imitator of Dickens. He had even invented a dolls' dressmaker, being unaware that for many a long year, indeed since 1864, Miss Jenny Wren has been busily using her little fingers in making dolls' clothes. In literature, as in the discoveries of science and of mechanical inventions, it sometimes happens that an idea is suggested or a discovery made by two persons, each of whom has an equal claim to originality. Of this, from the standpoint of literature, there is a striking illustration in Dr. Johnson's "Rasselas,"

which he wrote in one week, to defray the expenses of his mother's funeral and some small debts which she had left. This rapidity of composition is remarkable; but we may be certain that the story would not have been written in its present form if, more than twenty years before, Johnson had not translated Father Lobo's "Voyage to Abyssinia," a narrative which made a strong impression upon him. But the most curious fact about "Rasselas" is its similarity in some respects to Voltaire's "Candide," a work composed with a very different purpose. Writing of the two books, Boswell states: "I have heard Johnson say that if they had not been published so closely one after the other that there was not time for imitation, it would have been in vain to deny that the scheme of that which came latest was taken from the other."

Look where we will in literature we see how the suggestions afforded by one work form the foundation upon which another is built. A writer, however independent, cannot walk without the help of his fellows. Cowper is a poet who, like his contemporary Crabbe, deserves the highest praise for originality, but Cowper's use of the heroic couplet is based upon that of Churchill, and his blank verse is founded upon the model of Milton. There are few books in the language more original than Charles Lamb's "Essays," and yet it may be confidently said that they would have been written in a different vein had he not been so familiar with the works of Sir Thomas Browne, and with such writers as Fuller, Cowley, and Donne. Cowley himself, by the way, to return for a moment to the seventeenth century, was the father of more than one poet who, without his genius, pursued the eccentric paths on which his Muse delighted to wander; and Cowley is largely indebted to Donne, whom, as Dr. Johnson says, it appears to have been his purpose to emulate. A really great writer conscious of his strength is never afraid to own his obligations. Sir Walter Scott nursed his genius among the Border minstrels, caught the lilt of his verse in the "Lay" from the more exquisite music of Coleridge's "Christabel," and acknowledged that his character of Fenella was suggested by Goethe's Mignon in "Wilhelm Meister."

And though there is no literary parallel in the case, it may not be amiss to mention here — for it exemplifies the interdependency of imaginative writers — that Goethe acknowledges his own obligations to Oliver Goldsmith, whose "Vicar of Wakefield," at a critical moment of mental development, proved, he said, his best education.

Perhaps enough has been said in illustration of a subject that is well-nigh inexhaustible. There is one lesson to be learnt from it useful alike to critic and to reader — namely, that it is unreasonable to attribute plagiarism to great writers because their works are not wholly unlike the mass of earlier literature. It is far more reasonable to suppose that they should have points of resemblance. Literature, like nature, has a thousand different aspects; but just as in nature, with its infinite variety of charm, the same sky bends over all, and the same earth is under our feet, so poets and men of letters look, though with different eyes indeed, on the same world, and study the same humanity. They must work in accordance with the limitations of which every writer is conscious; and it is not surprising, the soil of the literary field being what it is, that the fruit produced by two independent laborers should be occasionally alike. What, then, it may be asked, is plagiarism? We answer that it is the appropriation of literary property, without the ability to use it. There are scores of versifiers who have in this way appropriated Lord Tennyson's style, or Mr. Browning's, or Mr. Swinburne's, and the result has been a feeble musical echo in the first case, a contempt of metre and grammar in the second, and an overflowing verbiage in the third. The plagiarist is the man who has nothing to say on his own account. The man of genius, on the contrary, when he borrows turns what he touches into gold, and gives a new beauty to what is beautiful already. He is content to use whatever materials he can gain access to, but he stamps upon them the impression of his own genius. And so it is that the poet, looking upon the objects that are common to us all, is able by the light of imagination to "flatter the mountain-tops," and to "gild pale streams with heavenly alchemy."

JOHN DENNIS.

